THE SPORTSMAN'S FAVOURITE PAPER

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 128. [PUBLISHED EVERY MONDAY.] WEEK ENDING APRIL 15TH, 1911. ONE PENNY.

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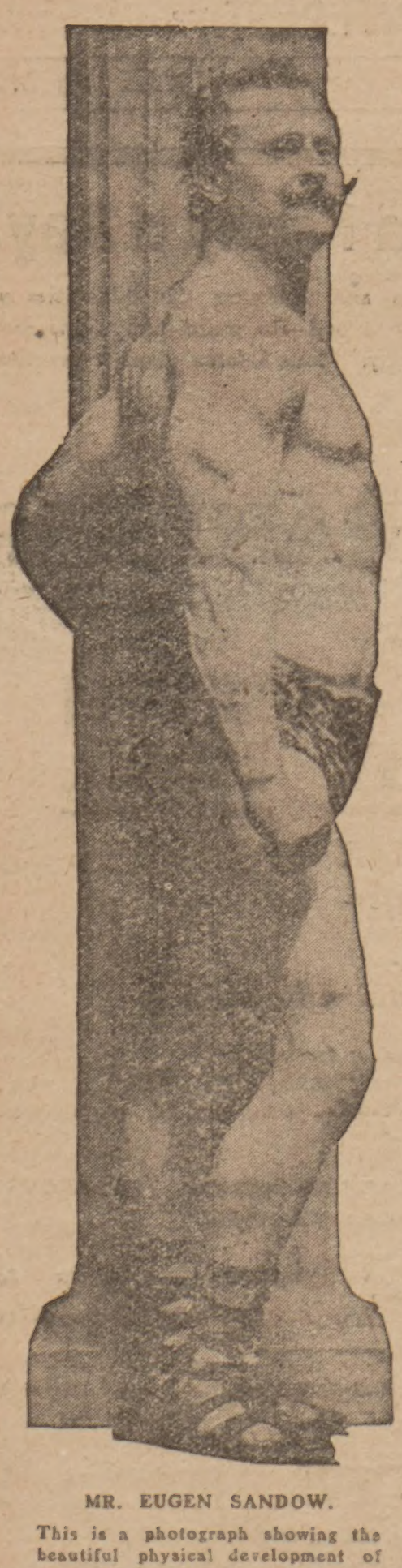

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The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 128. WEEK ENDING APRIL 15TH, 1911. ONE PENNY.

JOHNSON'S RIVAL.

AN AMATEUR WHO MIGHT BEAT HIM.

There are many experienced followers of boxing who believe that if there is one white boxer who could really "extend" Jack Johnson, and possibly beat him, that person is the once famous amateur, Mr. V. J. Hopley.

At his best, Mr. Hopley was out and away the finest heavy-weight ever seen in the amateur ring. Very strong, but marvellously quick and scientific to a degree, he also had the "punch" that differentiates the champion from the merely first-class man.

Indeed, it is said that in a friendly contest he once hit an opponent such a whack that for some time his life hung in the balance, and Mr. Hopley was so upset that he practically gave up boxing.

A thousand pities, for there are many who think that even to-day he could make Johnson go all the way if a meeting could be arranged.

"BUNTING-TOSSERS."

THE NAVAL SIGNALMAN'S PROSPECTS.

The signalman of the Royal Navy, who is more generally known as a "Bunting-Tosser," starts as a signal boy with pay of 4s. 1d. a week.

A full signalman gets three times as much, while a yeoman of signals gets from a guinea to 28s. 6d. a week, a chief yeoman of signals about 6d. a day more.

The next step in promotion is to signal boatswain, which post is worth from £100 to £164 per annum, while a chief signal boatswain, who is a commissioned warrant officer, gets from £182 to £219 a year.

Nor need he end here, because for "long and zealous service" he may be promoted commissioned officer as lieutenant, with an income of from £237 to £273.

The "bunting-tosser," if to some extent he is being superseded by wireless telegraphy, is still an important person, for in time of war great issues may hang on quick and accurate signalling.

Wireless telegraphic messages are not always possible in actual naval warfare, and the day of the naval signalman is by no means a thing of the past.

There is great rivalry between the "bunting-tossers" of a fleet to be the first to pick up and answer general signals made from the flagship.

One wonders what the bunting-tossers thought when ordered to make Admiral Sir Percy Scott's famous "paint more important than gunnery" signal. Also just what Lord Charles Beresford said when it was translated to him.

CHEEK.

A railway company in London has just installed at some of its stations some wonderful new buffers that will stand practically any shock. I would back some very old buffers against them any day on this score.

* * *

Good Friday is coming. A contemporary, with thoughts on the occasion, referred lately to a minister being under a heavy hot cross-fire. A good shot, but not quite a bull's-eye.

* * *

"The Lost Pawn" is the title of a new novel. There seems to be a missing word somewhere. Anyhow, the watch was not mine.

* * *

Brain-fag is again prevalent. Doctors say it all comes from the anxiety to grow sweet peas and eat standard bread.

* * *

The helpful "Daily Chronicle" publishes an article on "Servants' Quarters." Isn't this rather an indelicate way of describing the sylph-like form of Mary Jane as she scrubs the steps?

* * *

Houses without a bathroom are at a premium just now. The word has gone forth that washing is unhealthy, and long leases are the rule.

* * *

"Overnight Selections," a heading in a contemporary, refers to favourite horses—nothing more, dear reader.

* * *

LATEST SENSATIONS. There was no revolution in South America yesterday.

* * *

OUR DESPOTIC COUNTRY. Aliens are not to be allowed to carry pistols, according to a Bill in Parliament. And all because of that little misunderstanding in Houndsditch!

* * *

The latest overcrowding scandal comes from Paris, where no fewer than twelve people were found huddled in an aeroplane.

* * *

Paper-bag cookery is the latest craze. A welcome change, no doubt, from the cookery that burned things to a rag.

* * *

A Canadian newspaper is agitating for the purchase by the Dominion of some Old Masters. Hitherto we have been told that this is *the* country for the young boss. And with the emigration rates so cheap, too!

* * *

A bishop and a Cabinet Minister have been complaining that we are an unsociable people. They ought to join THE MODERN MAN League—and then eat their words and apologise.

TOUCHANGO.

EASTER TOURS.

A WORD WITH AMATEUR FOOTBALL CLUBS.

This is the time of the year when most amateur football teams—as also a great many professional combinations—go away on tour. It is a pleasant relaxation from the stress of a season's hard work, and the players look forward to it with enthusiasm.

In this connection, a practice very common among the better amateur elevens should be shown up by reason of its distinctly unfair and unsporting character.

In such elevens there will be one or two highly consistent and hard-working players who will have "turned out" every week during the season for the team, but who will be passed over by the captain in selecting his team for the tour in order to "let in" some possibly inferior player—even a man from the second eleven—who is better able financially to take his share of the expenses of the trip.

DIVING.

SOME DO'S AND DON'T'S.

With the advance of the year towards warmer weather and longer hours of daylight, business men are beginning to look forward to half an hour or so in the swimming-baths after work is over. A good many, perhaps, will be taking up this form of exercise for the first time; so these hints on diving may be interesting to them.

Spring from your *knees*, and throw yourself well forward. If you don't, you will very likely "turn over" and fall on your back.

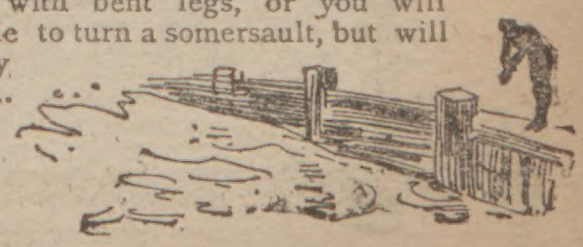
Keep your heels close together. This offers less resistance to the water and makes your dive longer and more graceful.

If you are at all nervous of shocks to the head, to which some men are subject, keep your thumbs locked from the "take-off" of the dive, and turn your palms downwards and the fingers slightly bent upwards. This protects your head, and acts as a "guiding plane" to bring you to the surface again.

Don't be afraid of letting yourself go head first, otherwise you will fall on your stomach.

When you strike the surface of the water with the whole length of your body, instead of diving in the proper manner, you receive a smack from head to toe that reminds you of your visit to the headmaster's room when you were a schoolboy.

Don't go in with bent legs, or you will not only be liable to turn a somersault, but will splash everybody else in the bath.



Frames, and how to use them.

AN EASILY MADE CONVENIENCE THAT NO GARDEN SHOULD BE WITHOUT.

Considerations of space and expense make a greenhouse, however small, impossible in many gardens, but no garden need be without at least one cold frame. It takes up very little room and if the owner possesses any carpentering skill, it can be fitted up for a very trifling expense.

Unless you are skilled in joinery work it is best to buy the sash for the top ready-made — the advertisements in the gardening papers will show you where to go, if you have no local dealer. It can be bought unglazed, and if the standard size (6ft. by 4ft. for a single frame, and 6 t. by 8ft. for one with a double light) is obtained, the panes of glass can be bought ready cut and fixed in with putty even by the novice at the glazier's business.

MATERIALS.

The sides must be built so that there is a good slope from back to front to throw off the rain water. Twenty-one inches is a suitable height for the back, and eleven inches for the front.

The wood for the sides should, if possible, be grooved. It must, at least, be weather-proof.

At this time of year the frame may be most useful if used on a hot-bed. To make the latter collect some fresh stable manure and fermenting leaves, which will create at first a violent and then a steady heat.

After a week turn them over, and then leave them for a few days before turning them again. Water the manure if it gets at all dry.

Finally make the hot-bed by building it up to the required shape and size, and beating it with a fork. Put the frame, facing south, on the top of the bed, and it should be ready for use in a week or so, when the "sweat" on the glass has ceased to look cloudy and smell foul, or when a stick dug into the middle of the bed for an hour can be held in the hand on withdrawal—that is to say, when the temperature is down to 70 or 80 degrees.

MAKING A HOT-BED.

The bed should extend about 15in. beyond the frame on each side, being some 3ft. high in front and 4ft. at the back. It will retain its heat for about two months.

Leave a chink of air-space at the back of the frame to allow the rank steam to escape.

Some material must be put over the manure in the frame in which to plunge pots of seedlings or cuttings. Leaf mould will answer the purpose, but there is nothing better than sawdust, about 6in. deep. Slugs and snails object to it strongly.

The frame must be shaded from bright sunshine, and in cold weather protected by thick matting.

If leaves and manure are hard to obtain, an efficient hot-bed can be made by digging a pit the exact size of the frame and about 4ft. deep, and filling it in early spring with damp garden rubbish collected in the autumn and winter. This will produce a gentle, though not a strong, heat.

THE COLD FRAME.

The hot-bed will be found useful for forcing on seedlings and cuttings which need protection from the cold winds of spring, and is invaluable for raising the half-hardy annuals.

Before being placed on the hot-bed, the frame will have served a useful end by protecting the hardier annuals from occasional frosts.

If the frame is not needed for a hot-bed, it can be occupied in other ways at this season—indeed, it need never stand empty. Early chrysanthemum cuttings can be put in in boxes or pots. Lettuce, cabbage, cauliflower, or Brussels sprouts can be sown by the man with a "kitchen garden," and will quickly germinate.

Half-hardy annuals, such as asters, marigolds, godetias, and stocks, can be sown in a cold frame if it is well protected in case of a return of cold weather.

To prepare a frame for cuttings the bottom should be covered with a quantity of half-rotted leaves, about three inches thick, and trodden down firm. This ensures drainage.

Failing leaves, ashes, or the riddlings from the soil can be used.

Over this spread three or four inches of good light soil and cover with a little sand.

The frame is then ready for cuttings of pansies, violas, calceolarias, antirrhinums, penstemons, and so on, which should be put in in September or October.

C. B. STAINER.

A COMMON FAILING.

HOW DISAGREEMENT OFTEN LEADS TO DISCOURTESY.

To disagree without also becoming disagreeable is pre-eminently the mark of a man who has mastered himself, and who can be described, in the best sense of that word, as a gentleman.

One of the commonest things one comes across among a certain very large class of people is the stupid habit of losing one's temper when one finds another person holding a different view to that which you hold.

Many men placed in positions of a certain amount of authority are often the worst offenders. Many and many a misunderstanding that among sensible people is put right by a little calm explanation is made an occasion of rudeness by these over-bearing people who like to wield their authority.

The other day a passenger in a tram-car, when about to buy his ticket, asked if he were going the quickest way to a certain point. "Yes," said the conductor, and held out his hand for the fare. "I was thinking that it might have been nearer if I had gone so-and-so," said the passenger.

Here, surely, was an opportunity for a little explanation of the ins and outs of the journey's intricacies. But no, the conductor, irritated that anyone should differ from him, offered to return the fare to the passenger with an unnecessarily curt and rude remark, "Well, go your own way, then!"

This sort of ill-bred method of taking up a matter does not tend to harmony. Of course, one should not expect too much common-sense from common people. It remains, however, a distinct sign of superiority in a man, however humble his position, if he can disagree and retain his good manners and his temper.

J. WARTER.

SUNDAY SHOWS AND SWEATING.

HOW THE ARTISTE IS DEFRAUDED.

There is serious unrest and discontent in the entertainment world over the growth of Sunday shows and entertainments of all kinds.

It is not, perhaps, that the average singer or music-hall artiste is a rigid Sabbatarian, but he finds that in many cases he is being asked, or rather forced, to work on Sunday for nothing.

The London County Council regulations in regard to Sunday entertainments provide, among other things, that:—

1. The whole net profit shall go to some charity.
2. No pressure shall be put on any artiste to perform.
3. The manager of the place where the entertainment is given shall have nothing to do with engaging the artistes, stage hands, and others. In short, the whole arrangements are to be in the hands of the charity for which the show is given.

These regulations are excellent in their way, but they are constantly evaded, and the artiste suffers, and so, too, does the charity. This is the charity's own fault, for many of them are guilty of agreeing to take a fixed sum, thus leaving the promoters of the entertainment to make what they can.

The manager of, say, a music-hall goes to the secretary of a charity and offers to give a Sunday show for them. They agree, and then he points out that nominally they ought to make all arrangements, but they had much better leave it to him, who understands this sort of thing, and probably they agree to this proposal, and also to take, say, £20 down.

The manager now has the game in his own hands. An artiste comes along seeking an ordinary engagement. His is a turn that is, or could be made, suitable for a Sunday show.

He names his figure, say, £10 a week. "Yes," says the manager, "I'll give you that to include the little show I'm giving on Sunday, if you'll do your turn at it." If the artiste refuses, the deal is off, and he needn't trouble the manager again.

Similarly with the stage hands, unless they are strong union men. They are invited to work on Sunday for nothing, and if they refuse, well, there are plenty of men waiting for their job.

Even if the charity insists on everybody concerned in the entertainment being paid and an account being rendered, the manager, having everything in his own hands, can easily fake the balance-sheet.

He forces the artistes to sign fictitious receipts for money they have not had. He puts the takings down at a good deal less than they actually were (N.B. the check-takers are in his employ), and in one way and another he makes a good thing out of it.

It may be said that artistes are not likely to submit to such treatment. Well, of course, the big men can afford to stick out for their rights, but the little men dare not do so, and they figure largely in Sunday entertainments.

There is the larger question of the way in which artistes in general are bled for charity's sake, and not on Sundays only.

Singers, actors and the like are generally willing to help a good cause, but many of them find the demands of charity excessive and crippling. They are expected always to be ready to give a free performance, and they are often treated with scant consideration.

A well-known comedian tells this story. He was invited to take part in a charity matinée and arrived punctually to do his turn. But Miss Six-and-So was anxious to get away, said the organiser, would he mind letting her go on before him? He didn't mind, but at the end of an hour, during which he had kept on making way for other performers, he mildly suggested to the organiser that he did not seem to be wanted particularly, and that he thought he might as well go home.

"Well, really, my dear fellow, we're awfully crowded up, said that worthy. "Would you mind—thanks so much—*good*-bye."

F. BROCK.

TERRITORIAL TRUTHS.

HOW OUR HOME DEFENCE ARMY IS HANDICAPPED.

"The Territorial Army is a failure." How often have we had that dinned into our ears during the past twelve months, together with gloomy forebodings of what is to happen in 1913?

That such a sweeping statement is far from the truth anyone with any experience of the Force will readily admit; but that the present state of affairs leaves much to be desired everyone seems to be agreed. Yet the process of righting the existing abuses goes on so slowly that the efficiency and the usefulness of the Territorial Army is jeopardised, and the difficulty of putting things on a sound basis becomes daily more difficult.

The usual cry is "more money." Undoubtedly the Force labours under a great difficulty in that the sinews of war are not forthcoming in sufficient quantities.

True, the Army Estimates stand at a high figure already, but until diplomacy and arbitration can authoritatively replace the force of arms—and that day is further off than many are disposed to think—our very existence as an Imperial nation depends on the efficiency of our Army as well as of our Navy.

A TAX ON SLACKERS.

If the money can be raised by no other means, and the voluntary system is to be retained, why should it not be obtained by a graduated tax on those who have not the energy and patriotism to train themselves as defenders of their country? They have as much need of protection, or even more, and the present system merely puts a premium on patriotic service.

But the money is not required, as so many seem to think, for the payment of Territorial officers and men. They are already well-paid when actually serving, and in the average regiment the expense to which they are put is often practically nil. It is not fair to take those expensive regiments, which certainly exist, as typical of the Force.

The loss at present falls rather on those employers who, from patriotic motives, allow their men extra holidays in order that they may undergo their military training.

Every commanding officer knows the difficulty of getting his men together even for the annual fortnight's training, while a week-end training is necessarily curtailed by the impossibility of starting before two or three o'clock on Saturday and the need for returning on Sunday night, that the men may be at work on Monday morning.

RELIEVING THE EMPLOYER.

If it were possible for the Government to pay the men's employers the amount of their wages when called away, as well as giving the men their military pay, they could in many cases be temporarily replaced and the burden on the employers would be lessened. Incidentally the money so spent, or at least a part of it, would go into the pockets of the unemployed.

The system has its obvious drawbacks. It would cost a lot of money, but the alternative is conscription in some form or other, and that would be infinitely more costly.

If week-end trainings could be extended to two full days, or even three, we should have little cause to complain of the inefficiency of our Territorial Army.

A week-end training is worth a dozen tramps round the drill-hall or barrack-square. The men learn to work together; they live the soldier's life not only on parade, but every moment of the day.

At present such trainings are indulged in at rare intervals when a sufficient grant can be obtained. The result is that the men are worked extra hard in order to cram as much experience as possible into the limited time, and they return tired out, and often unfit for their ordinary work on the Monday.

More regular training would do away with this abuse, and ensure that the men should be fit and in training before undergoing any special ordeal.

THE MUSKETRY COURSE.

The existing system of rifle practice also calls for much revision. Many corps are obliged to fire their course on a few specified afternoons which may or may not be convenient. Often the marking arrangements are most chaotic, each corps working independently and bringing its own markers and register-keepers who are strangers to the range.

Thus an extraordinary amount of time is wasted, and the course is fired in a rush, on the principle of getting each man's rounds blazed off as quickly as possible, irrespective of the result. There is no time for instruction or for pointing out the why and wherefore of a shot going astray.

Half a dozen men often fire with the same rifle. It is left to the first man to find the correct sighting, and the others have only to aim dead into the bull. But would they necessarily meet with the same success if they had to sight their own rifles?

If greater facilities were afforded for each corps to spend a week-end under canvas in the neighbourhood of a well-equipped range and to fire the musketry course at leisure after some preliminary practice, the average Territorial would not have such hazy notions of how a rifle behaves when loaded with ball cartridge, and of the effect of weather conditions on shooting.

ONE HORSE TO FOUR MEN.

Another point which is all too slowly being "investigated" is the horse supply. At present the Territorial divisions conveniently hold their manœuvres at different seasons, so that the demand for horses can be met.

It is, no doubt, excellent training for the horses to attend four or five camps in one year in peace time, but in time of war, when a general mobilisation took place, they might find the task of carrying four or five men at once rather too much for them.

This is undoubtedly a problem which demands a more satisfactory answer than has yet been given on the subject. Indeed, as a matter of fact, it is not too much to say that on mobilisation the majority of the horses available would be commandeered for the Regular Army and the Territorials would be left practically horseless.

The importation of horses from the Argentine or from foreign countries would not be such an easy matter in the event of a European war as it was in South Africa.

Mechanical traction might solve the problem for the transport, which at present takes so many horses that might be available for the Artillery and other mounted branches; but for that we must pay, and pay heavily.

Undoubtedly something must be done to make the Force more attractive. Men will not continue to serve voluntarily unless they feel that their service is really of some use.

SOME FIGURES.

The Force was still short of its establishment on October 1 by 1,451 officers and 43,925 non-commissioned officers and men. The number of recruits enlisted during 1910 was less by 67,761 than those enlisted in the previous year.

Almost half the Force consists of men who are not yet 21 years old, which seems to point to the fact that the conditions are not sufficiently attractive or compatible with business life to induce the older men to serve beyond their engagement.

We can hardly hope for another boom, so that it becomes all the more important to keep the men we have got, and to see that the rate of recruiting does not fall lower.

How many an ardent Territorial would like to see that prince of military organisers, Lord Kitchener, called in and given a free hand to set the Territorial Army on a firm footing before it is too late!

M. H. ALLAN.

THE SEASIDE AWAKENING.

Every visitor who is taken by business or pleasure to the seaside towns can watch the gradual awakening of the houses to the possibilities of another spring and summer spell of popularity.

Houses that have been shuttered and silent and forbidding all through the winter are opening their eyes, as it were, and pulling themselves together; hotels that have only a six months' season are being aired, painted, furbished up, and generally got ready for visitors, and not far hence the "fronts," promenades, and holiday playgrounds will suddenly appear in all the glory of newly-painted bandstands, lounge chairs, and parterre plots bright with flowers.

It is a sight that no one can see without a certain satisfaction, for it recalls past holidays and tempts us to look forward to the next, which will, we think, beat them all!

ATHLETIC JOYS.

SHOWING THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN ATHLETICS AND GAMES.

One of the great pleasures of athletics, as opposed to games, lies in the fact that your apparatus is yourself. Your success, your amusement, your exercise, are all dependent on yourself.

Of course, athletics are not entirely free from apparatus. There are the posts and cross-bar for high-jumping, the fences for hurdling, the hammer and the weight for the "strong men," and the track is usually specially prepared.

These, however, are only refinements of natural sport.

The high-jump corresponds to leaping a gate or wall, the hurdles to progress across country over hedges and fences, the hammer and the weight take the place of the natural exercises of throwing or putting some heavy object, and in Nature you may find as fine natural running tracks as any to be prepared by the skill and hand of man.

At games on the other hand, your pleasure is often subservient to implements and accessories.

There is, for example, no fun in playing billiards—

"On a cloth untrue
With a twisted cue
And elliptical billiard balls."

I should not go so far as to say that golf is impossible without proper clubs and balls, for probably the old-time golfer with his hockey-stick-like clubs, and balls made of tightly-rolled feathers, got quite as much fun out of the game as anyone does to-day, but still golf is to a great extent an artificial game.

In cricket and football the tools are not of paramount importance; playing for your side is what chiefly matters.

That is excellent in its way, but scarcely gives the same pleasure as the strenuous individualism of athletics.

Then to shine at games, a man must either have money to spend or turn professional, but a very poor man may be a champion athlete.

W. BEVERIDGE.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY

LOITERERS

By F. C. HARTINGTON.

Adown a pleasant hilly road in the purlieus of the Royal Borough of Kensington, I betook me as the twilight of the finest and the most unusual of Spring days was deepening into dusk.

Somewhere in the trees that were bursting into leaf a thrush was obliging the neighbourhood with a final selection from his extensive répertoire ere he settled, like all respectable thrushes, to rest with his mate. Not accused, as would have been the fate of a mere man singing at that comparative time of the night, of a disregard for the feelings of the people next door, he finished his little song in peace, paused, gave an encore of the most melodious part, and finally relapsed into silence.

I walked on by the houses of the great, the over-taxed, upper middle-class, noting that, despite the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the painted words that proclaimed the names of those stately homes of England had evidently been done afresh, that the drives were newly gravelled, that the undeniable traces of the wheels of neat two-seater cars were on those red-brown ways, although there was an extra tax on petrol, that beyond the laurel bushes the reflection of the dying sun shone on windows glistening with the recent attentions of various firms of window-cleaners.

Permeated with the essence of peace that reigned over all, is it to be wondered at that my thoughts were of pleasant things; of the soft, velvet pile carpets in the halls of those residences, of the odour of good stock soup in the kitchens, of fair daughters of British prosperity, chatting, after-dinner-wise, seated the while on luxurious lavender-hued Chesterfields. . . . Surely, here one might search and find no jarring note, no discord to disturb the sweet atmosphere of the happily uneventful . . .

It was then that the young man I had observed hanging about on the brow of the easily rising hill came walking swiftly towards me.

He grasped my arm.

"Excuse me," he said, "you've heard of a dying man clutching at a straw." I am no Samson, but I do not think my arm deserved being thus classed. "Well, don't ask for explanations for heaven's sake, but talk to me, walk along this way and talk to me."

"What about?" I asked, ever ready to oblige.

"Oh—we've had a fine day, haven't we? But stop a minute. Shake hands with me—effusively—very effusively."

I had not a dictionary with me, but I went by the vigorous way he carried out his part of the business.

"That's right," he said. "Now look pleased to see me. Say: 'I'm sorry I'm late, old chap, but come along, I've got a couple of tickets for the Tivoli.' When you're supposed to be talking about anything up-stage in an undertone you should always keep to the subject matter," he added, quoting seemingly from some handbook for amateur actors. "Then you look more like the part."

I told him I did not like music-halls, so that I could not be pleased about that, but I rose, nevertheless to the occasion.

"Awfully good of you," I said, "to send round that note offering to stand me a grillers and a a small bottle at the Troc., and then take me to see 'Peggy!'"

As I spoke these words he pushed me round a corner by a stately house that had a south and west aspect. He sighed with relief as he palpably took cover by an imitation granite bastion.

"Peggy!" he gasped, "that name! . . . . But I say, old man, explanations are certainly due to you. You see I had to make a *raison d'être* of you. I've been lounging round here for half an hour trying to catch a glimpse of—er——"

"Of Peggy," I suggested, seeing light.

"Yes, that's it," he sighed, "and, of course (just my luck) I happened to go across to the other side of the road to borrow a match, and that was just the moment her father elected to come to the window. Saw his eyes fixed dead on me—very ferocious they were too. Sort of coming out of his head. You could hang your hat on 'em."

"Father objects to your attentions?" I queried, delicately.

"Objects to anyone's attentions—mine in particular, because, well, you know, Peggy and I had the leading parts in a little amateur affair, and we didn't trouble to stage-kiss."

"Do the thing properly or not at all," I observed approvingly.

"That's it; only the old buffer said it was not proper—young unengaged girl, &c., apt to cause a scandal in the neighbourhood, and all that sort of balderdash."

"That was your chance," I said. "Why didn't you get engaged to her at once? The ice was broken with the old man."

"So would my head have been if he had inquired into my circumstances. All I can do is to pay my washing until I come into my legacy next year. In the meantime, therefore, we have to——"

"Meet clandestinely," I said, mentally registering an all-square point with him by nullifying his previous "effusive" handshaking advantage.

"Clandestinely," he mused. "Yes, I like that. No chance of writing to her. A matter of signals, you know."

It was then that I remembered the sweet bird-notes.

"Well, she's the best farm-yard imitator I've heard. That thrush-trilling was something for music-hall critique writers to find new adjectives about. What do you do for an answer? Little bit of the rook's anthem?"

The young man looked at me pitifully.

"If you don't think we're capable of something more original than bird calls——" he said.

At that moment from an open window came the strains of a beautiful waltz nicely played.

My new friend pulled out a little pocket-book hastily.

"Is that '*Songe d'Automne*' or '*The Vision of Salome*'?" he muttered.

I am very musical myself. I go rinking. I put him on the right path. It was the one easier to pronounce.

"Have to alter that," he said critically, referring to his note-book again; "they're rather much alike. Same haunting touch about them. And according to our code '*Songe d'Automne*' means: '*I haven't got a chance of coming out to-night*,' while when she plays '*The Vision of Salome*,' it means, '*I think father and the rest of the family are going out. I shall try to get left at home.*'"

The piano was silent for a space, while I, lost in admiration of the code, thought not at all of proceeding on my peaceful but somewhat uninteresting way. Uninvited, I became a loiterer also. The occupation seemed not without its romance.

"I had better stay and continue to be your *raison d'être*," I said, "I'll see you through. You may not apprehend danger now, but you know what these fathers are—crafty as they make 'em."

"I often wonder," said the young man, sticking his hands into his pockets, "whether they've done it themselves."

I admitted it seemed hard to imagine a man with eyes you could hang your hat on and a moustache of the walrus type as a love-lorn youth. Yet, I warned him that marriage might be responsible for their development—especially in the case of a man whose daughter had suitors who had to think twice before they sent their pyjamas to the wash at the same time as their weekly shirt.

My friend nodded slowly, and offered me a cigarette.

"Wonder if I shall be the same when chaps come hanging about after *my* daughter?" he said. "Yet, hang it all, I don't think I should, y'know. Dam' good sport of a father I should make."

I looked at his feet. Now they were clad in the neatest of thin glacé kid boots; but I saw that young man shorn of his ostentatious blue-and-white-spot foulard tie, his French-grey pearl-buttoned waistcoat, his artistic trousers. I saw the firm expression he wore now turned into determination and insistence on order in his house, and obedience to his commands—and all before his carefully-brushed-back brown hair should be silvering at the sides.

The evening, as I said, allowed of fanciful speculation.

"When my son comes hanging round after your daughter," I observed figuratively, "you'll put on your biggest boots. What is more, you will be up to all the signalling dodges, including the piano-playing one. You won't think my son good enough for her," I added a little ferociously, "and it'll be just like your cheek. Think you'll remember these evenings? Not you! They'll be the things you will laugh bitterly about when you notice that your wife has forgotten that you prefer white to standard bread. You will say what a fool you were—what a very young youth actually to hang about after a girl when the whole lot have no more thought for a man than to forget his particular tastes inside a year. P'raps you'll warn off the loiterer merely for his own good. P'raps that's what the man you see fit to term a walking hat-stand may be doing now! Think of *that!*"

"Then," said the young man, earnestly, "he doesn't know when he's got an angel for a daughter!"

"Which is just what my fool of a son will say," I said, angrily. (It annoyed me to think the young cub would be such a fool.)

My thoughts were interrupted by a swinging march from the piano in the open-windowed room.

"*El Capitan!*" I said, in answer to his fuddling with the note-book. I did not say so, but I was open to bet that *my* son would at least make himself conversant with the names of the code-tunes.

"*El Capitan!*" he cried feverishly, and seizing my arm he led me at an undoubted run to the back of the house.

He paused to regain his breath. "That means," he said, "'*People going out — may come your way.*'"

From the ambush of a big back gateway we noticed the man with the eyes and his wife drive past in a small motor-car.

"That's all right," said the young man with relief, and peeped over the big back gates.

A voice called to him from a downstair window.

"Hallo! I'm a kitchen-maid now, you see."

I permitted myself one glimpse at the pretty face, the adorably untidy hair.

"There, what d'you think of *her*, old sports-man?" asked the loiterer, glowing with enthusiasm.

"I would I were a policeman," I said, and passed, sadly, on my way.

HAIR AND THE MAN

A FEW NOTES ON THE CARE OF NATURE'S COVERING.

It is the custom at present for a man to wear his hair very long in front, and the young man of fashion takes some pleasure in having his forelock of such length that when pulled down it reaches the tip of his nose.

Whether the fashion is becoming or not is, of course, a matter of opinion, but it is the fashion.

Although it is fashionable to let the hair grow long in front, it is essential that it should be kept short at the sides of the head above the ears, and also at the back. If you find that the hair at the nape of your neck is inclined to catch upon your collar, you may know that it is time you paid a visit to the barber.

Be careful to give that person exact instructions.

He usually asks: "Will you have it cut short, sir?" and you reply: "Fairly short," or "Not very." That is not enough. Give him the directions that you desire to be carried out, and give them in such a way that they cannot be misunderstood. If you want to follow the fashion at present in vogue, say to your barber: "Make it short at the back and at the sides, but leave it as it is in front."

CUT TOO SHORT.

A friend of mine, who had just come down from Oxford, had, following the fashion there, grown his hair to exceptional length in front, and was more than a little proud of the fact. One day he paid a visit to a barber who had no respect for long hair. My friend gave him very brief instructions, and promptly became absorbed in a paper which the barber handed to him.

When the latter asked whether he had taken enough off, my friend looked up from his paper and inspected himself in the mirror. To his disgust he had been shorn almost as short as a professional pugilist.

The moral appears to be that one should give the barber exact instructions, and should watch in the mirror to see that he carries them out.

In some cases the fashion must be modified to suit individual peculiarities, and particularly does this apply to the man whose hair is curly.

CURLY HAIR.

A man with straight hair can wear it very long, for when brushed back it will lie flat, but the man with curly hair finds that when he lets it grow to any considerable length it twists itself up into effeminate curls, no matter how carefully he may brush it back, and no matter what sort of hair-dressing he may apply to it.

By annointing it well with some greasy sort of hair-dressing, he may get it to lie flat for half-an-hour, but, as the dressing begins to dry, his hair in places comes up in tiny circular curls that look the more ridiculous because the rest of his hair is lying flat.

Here is a case where a man must adapt fashion to suit his needs. He may desire to follow the present mode, and to have his hair long in front, but if it is of a curly nature he will be well advised to give fashion the go-by and to keep it short, for it is better to be a little behind the times than to look like a comic paper poet.

There is a physiological reason for everything in connection with our bodies, and the reason why some hair is curly is that each individual hair is very thin. The flat, stiff type of hair is much thicker. In fact, if you compare a curly hair with a straight hair under a microscope you will find that the former is not more than half the thickness of the latter.

There is no way of making curly hair into straight hair, for Nature has ordained that it shall remain curly, and to flatten it out with a greasy dressing is only a temporary way of keeping it straight, and, as I have said, a curly-headed man should keep his hair short.

There is another thing that he ought to attend to, and that is to apply some sort of dressing to it regularly.

People with straight hair do not, as a rule, require to give it much attention apart from the usual brushing, for each individual hair is strong and vigorous. In the case of curly-haired people, however, there is always a tendency for the scalp to become dry, and for the hair to split down from the point to the root, and then to fall out. Consequently it is essential, apart altogether from appearance, that a man with fine curly hair should apply to it some sort of dressing several times each week, if not daily.

HAIR-DRESSINGS.

Every barber has several forms of dressing which he recommends to his customers. Most of them are good, but they are nearly all expensive. You can buy hair-dressing more cheaply from a chemist, and one of the most pleasing to use is lime cream, which, as it is not a proprietary article, but can be made by any chemist, may be recommended without offence.

If your hair is thin or lacking in lustre, one of the best things that you can put on it is a few drops of common paraffin.

Sprinkle the paraffin well into the roots of your hair before going to bed, and give it a good brushing. The smell will have disappeared before morning.

If it were not for the smell, paraffin might well be called the ideal dressing for the hair.

R. A. Drew.

SLAVES OF THE NOTEBOOK.

BY A WELL-KNOWN INTERVIEWER.

Many men are the slaves of their notebooks. They cannot carry anything in their heads. Every appointment, every transaction, everything to be seen to must be entered. Then they forget to bring the book out with them, or lose it and are "done."

To enter a thing in a notebook is to put a premium on forgetting it, unless you have the book to refer to. At least, this is my experience.

At one time, as a journalist and interviewer, I never used to take notes. By practice I had so trained my memory that I could report a long interview with substantial accuracy without taking a single note at the time.

Then in an evil moment I began taking notes, and now everything has to be put down. My memory is gone. If I think of an idea for an article or get an order for one, I must write it down or I am sure to forget it.

I am haunted by the fear of losing my notebook. Life has become in many ways a misery. It is very sad.

F. M.

FOR LUCK.

SOME CANDID ADMISSIONS REGARDING MASCULINE SUPERSTITIONS.

You can make a safe bet that at bottom most men believe in luck.

Betting men are notoriously superstitious, and so are most other sportsmen.

Jones is a level-headed, shrewd business man—the last chap on earth to be credited with any form of fetishism—and yet he'll be as cheerful as a jolly sandboy because a black cat happened to cross his path on the way to the office.

Thomson, when he rattles along the roads, at break-neck, break-law speed, puts nearly as much faith in that bit of jade on his watch-chain as he does in his machinery; and Smith, taking those mad flights in his biplane, wouldn't leave behind him that catseye which he calls his mascot.

Watch a city man bent on a deal dodge the ladders as he walks down the Strand. If you tackle him, of course, he's got some reason for his act, but in his heart of hearts he knows it's just for luck.

The motorist has his mascot, so has the aviator.

In the pocket-book of another man whom I know, there's a bit of white heather which is not a love token but only a luck charm.

In a libel action some years ago, in which the principal was a well-known racing man, just before the verdict a well-wisher sent him a big horseshoe composed of flowers—I forget what sort, though I have a dim idea that they were violets. It was a testimony to the superstition that dominates the Turf.

Boxers, especially coloured ones, nearly always have a mascot. Jack Johnson's is said to be a rabbit's foot; but every man who loves a dog will better understand Sam Langford's luck-bringer, the little yellow dog which long shared the champion's ups and downs.

I overheard a conversation the other day between two men on this very subject of luck.

"I made a wager," said one, "that I should hear that word at least half-a-dozen times on my way from the station to the office."

"Did you win?" asked his companion.

"Rather!" the other man nodded. "First chap I met was an old pal I'd lost sight of for years. He greeted me with 'here's luck.' The cabby thanked me, and said 'Good luck to you; you're a real sportsman you are.' An old crossing-sweeper spat on the coin I gave him, muttering: 'For luck.' Two other instances occurred, and as I ran up the office steps I stumbled, and that idiot Price yelled out 'You're in luck.'"

A cynic once said that the giving of alms to a beggar and the dropping of a coin into a blind man's hat were nine times out of ten prompted by superstitious feelings.

It is an undisputed fact that the most charitable men are those who earn their livings in a sphere where the element of luck enters in. Stock-brokers and betting men, for example, are notoriously open-handed.

Possibly the cynic is right in suggesting that their contributions to the sweet cause of charity are given, not so much because they want to benefit the recipient, as because they believe that the action will bring them luck.

Many a man who has attained the goal of his ambition carries about with him among his personal luggage, even if he does not wear it, some article, often of little value, which he wouldn't part with for the world.

Well, well, if a man is superstitious, it does not make him any the less a man because he believes that the woman he loves is his mascot, or that a little ring of gold is a talisman that wards off danger.

Men may not consult the stars as they once did, but fortune-tellers and clairvoyants don't make all their money out of the feminine portion of humanity, by a long shot.

Damned silly to be superstitious! But as long as human nature is human nature there will be lucky associations about the picking up of a horseshoe and the finding of a lady-bird on one's sleeve.

G. Barclay-Carter.

ALONG THE HEDGES

WHERE SPRING L'FE IS WILD AND VIGOROUS.

Any stretch of hedge, by road-side or in the open fields, is just now an epitome of Nature. No more attractive occupation for the moment can be imagined by the Nature-lover than long, casual saunterings by every lane that leads away from the highways of the motor-car.

The softer winds, with the magic of new life upon their waves and in their gusts, have spread through every tangled copse and into every overgrown hedge a fresh start. There is something going on in every bush ; and what it is, the Nature-lover who wanders round at leisure, and with a knowledge of what to seek, appreciates and understands.

Among the real romances of life the influences and feelings called into being by this revival within a man, be he ever so deeply immersed in affairs, make up one of the most welcome.

There can scarcely be any man, surely, who could wander round about the open country from March to May, who is insensible to the revival, the re-creation that is then in progress.

One of the strangest of natural works in progress at this time in the dense places of the earth, by the woodside and along the grass sides by the roadside, is the quick but quiet disappearance of the remnants of last year's wrack and ruin.

Until lately every wind that blew sent rolling armies of leaves along the lane with a cheerless clitter that had only suggestions of bleak, dull days and cracking frost in its sound.

FORGOTTEN AUTUMN.

To-day last year's autumn is not even a memory. It has been wiped out, or absorbed, or spirited away somehow ; so that even the banks and ditches have taken on a new aspect.

New green growth has a chance. In the big field, where pale, drab tufts of light brown, dead grass dotted the earth with innumerable tussocks there is a fresh cloth of green laid down. The drag has been over the fields, and the grass lies this way and that in broad alternate strips. Soon these will disappear as the young grass rises erect again.

Right in the midst of the east-wind period that comes along just when we fancy that Spring is here to stay, there is a brave show among the growing things. Some have rushed into open leaf with the early burst of deceptive sunshine ; and now, as we walk very briskly to keep ourselves warm, the hedges seem to regret their haste and to be chilled through and through.

Still, in the midst of this withering wind there is a feeling that growth will triumph, and that the cold blast is but a steadying influence, a necessary check, upon the rash haste of Nature that seems as indifferent as human beings to the lessons of innumerable past ages.

"BREAD-AND-CHEESE."

"Bread-and-cheese," the earliest shoots of the hawthorn, appears in patches, some branches mysteriously more forward than others, though springing from one parent stem.

In the openest of places a few unwary birds have begun to build their nests, heedless of the detection, and the destruction that is bound to follow, when the vulgar boy roams abroad after school. With luck, one may even find the eggs of the hedgesparrow, of that most wonderful deep blue hue.

On either hand in the widest fields the plovers are throwing themselves about in the air in a very delirium of activity. They flap swiftly along over the brown land in which the winter wheat stands faintly green in rows. Then with a long-drawn peevish cry they sweep upward and whirl round and over, then without warning fling themselves earthward with reckless force, only to go gliding off when within a foot of the land and death.

Passing near their nesting place you will be assailed with cries innumerable, angry and anxious, and the birds will wheel about over your head until you have passed beyond their territory.

Already the roads have a hard, white sur ace, and even a cyclist—on some business errand from the near town, for he carries a parcel with a tradesman's label on it—raises a little dust. What will it be like in the summer days when the road is a highway of pleasure-seekers !

The hedge will be choked with white dust and the green new leaves will be parched and shrunken.

LIVING IN THE PRESENT.

But that is far ahead. Now you have the lane to yourself. Away in the woods you hear the distant sound of the forester stripping the dense spinneys and making faggots of the thinnest wood.

Birds and other wild creatures, preoccupied with their own immensely important and engrossing concerns, take little heed of casual human intruders. They will remain almost within arm's length at this season, apparently having lost most of their fear of man.

It is worth careful examination to see which of the many trees of which the hedge is composed has put forth the earliest leaves. Strange contradictions will appear in any two stretches of hedge, and the observer who has expected complete consistency in Nature in these little things will have many a shock.

THE TIME TO BEGIN.

He will, however, have a chance of learning that Nature takes long views, and marches steadily, and though little eccentricities of conduct seem to deny her any ordered progress at all, at the end of a season, when a stage in the year's great pageant is passed, it will be seen that the end is accomplished with complete triumph.

No man could choose a better time of the year than now to begin the time he has so often promised himself in which he will live more with Nature in the open and less with art in cities.

C. EASTON-GREY.

SAFETY STIRRUPS FOR THE ARMY.

The terrible death of Lieutenant Scott, of the Royal Field Artillery, who, while practising jumping at Aldershot, was thrown from his horse and dragged a long distance, receiving fearful injuries, calls attention to the fact that our mounted soldiers are not supplied with safety stirrups.

This seems a rather serious omission. When practising jumping, taking part in charges or other manœuvres, men are very liable to be thrown and dragged. Of course, safety stirrups are more expensive than ordinary ones, but surely no consideration of this kind should be allowed to weigh for an instant when it is a question of safeguarding our soldiers from a peculiarly horrible danger.

THE BUNGALOW BY THE SEA

A SKETCH.

"I wonder what Buckley does down there ?"

"Has a high old time, you bet, the sly dog !"

"Lucky beggar to have a bungalow to go to."

These and similar remarks were made in the office during Buckley's absence.

That bungalow of his down by the sea was an outstanding object of envy to his fellow workers. Even his chums were not invited there, which struck them as the queerest thing about it.

Buckley was generous and hospitable, but not one of them had seen the bungalow.

Winterton found out the fact that Buckley possessed one quite by accident, but something in Buckley's face prevented him from enlarging on his discovery.

* * * * * * *

And what was Buckley doing in that bungalow —that luxurious abode and haunt of pleasure, as his chums called it?

The sea was booming its deep melancholy music, dashing its crested waves against the grey rocks, and some of its salt spray was flung against the window of the bungalow, and the wind moaned and screamed like a thing in pain round the walls.

It suited the mood of the occupant a good deal better than if the sea lay smiling beneath a flood of mellow sunshine, and the wind crooned lovingly over a happy earth.

Buckley was sitting in front of the fire—his pipe out, the fire nearly so, his head in his hands, his eyes fixed on those smouldering embers. Buckley was alone with himself.

He had no fixed religious ideas over and above those of his fellows, but when the worst that was in him was uppermost, he went and had it out in solitude.

That bungalow was the place where he wrestled with all the devils that beset a man, and sometimes Nature helped him and sometimes she didn't, and accordingly when he returned to London he or the devils won.

The devils had been having it pretty much their own way lately, and Buckley knew he would have to get back his self-respect.

They were not pleasant visions that Buckley was seeing in those red embers—a girl's red mouth, a girl's black hair, and a face from which the light had faded almost as quickly as the flames had died down in his fire. And himself as he was !

Someone says that a man never comes in sight of himself till the last. Buckley could see himself without the aid of the grim showman whose name is Death, and it struck him that he was pretty ugly.

Buckley was having a bad half-hour in company with that sworn tormentor, remorse.

The wind dropped to a whisper. The sea grew calm, in the sky the moon hung out her great silver arc lamp, the stars trembled like jewels in a woman's dark hair. Silence stole into the bungalow like a benediction.

And upon the man there came a wondrous peace. The thoughts that had racked him were gone. In their place there was self-respect and calm.

He felt that his faults were forgiven.

The fire was quite out as Buckley sat up in his chair and reached out for his pipe.

His shoulders had thrown off the droop of despondency, his lips had taken a firmer curve, and his eyes held a new expression, a steadier and clearer light, though they were a little puffed about the lids.

He was just a bit higher up those heights which every man worth calling a man hopes to win. He opened the door and went out.

The beach was strewn with bits of driftwood, brought there by the gale.

Buckley was looking out to sea with something that may have been a psalm of thankfulness on his lips, and the night wind as it passed him touched his cheeks as tenderly as a woman's kiss of forgiveness.

A. M. STEWART.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY

A GIFT HORSE

By BERNARD MACKLIN.

I must apologise to you for writing a love-story. It is not, as the powers-that-be have oft remarked, my course. I must admit that I was never anything to bet on as a steeplechase jockey, and the course of true love is a steeplechase with some very stiffish jumps—such, in fact, as would raise yells of protest at Aintree.

To retrogress for a little I must touch first of all—and very lightly—on the chucking-out staff of the Triviality. If that staff remains the same I should advise all and sundry to give them a miss on boat-race nights. If they suggest to you on such festive evenings that your evening-dress shirt is a vivid pink and your dress waistcoat is of cerulean hue, argue not with them. Do what I am doing—retrogress. Go down the stairs; quit the "ladies' lounge." Walk down the carpeted steps, nod in answer to the commissionaire's kindly offer of a taxi, and, whate'er the cost, drive home.

Otherwise, you may find yourself in the position I occupied on a festive evening of my own. My complaint was that I wanted to emulate M. Pataud, of Paris. I shivered one electric light with my stick, and was rewarded with a vision of strange constellations—the chucking-out staff had protested.

I was on the floor making remarks to an idiotic pattern, alleged to have been woven in Turkey. A second later I was progressing easily down the stairs, my head and feet supported by two gentlemen dressed in precisely the same uniform. I made a note of their faces, so that I might return when in better form and point out to them the error of their ways.

Now their faces are clearly photographed in my mind. Yet I have allowed them to remain in ignorance of the heinousness of their behaviour. I have, in short, seen fit to act on the advice of Nurse Nixie, who said "don't."

It is here I must turn on the soft amber lime, and bring before you Nurse Nixie. I suppose there is not a man who went winter racing on the Northern Circuit who would not cheerfully have laid down his miserable existence for her. A fair-haired, blue-eyed, straight-nosed, sweet-lipped maiden (who said I could not write love stories?), with not a relation in the world nor any one to tell her what a depraved girl she was to do such a thing. She went the round of the Northern racing meetings, unpaid in aught but the gold of gratitude (and poor Dicky Dunn would never lay the odds to that coinage) merely so that she might attend on poor jockey-boys that got upset. Whereever, in those dark days of which I write, no adequate first-aid arrangements were provided, there you found Nurse Nixie.

In those days, also a regular attendant at all steeplechase meetings was the son of a big advertising dentist. Young Willie Bicuspid (that was not his real name any more than Nixie was the Nurse's) was as handsome a boy to look at as could be found in Tattersall's—a place which is not without its Adonises (pardon the plural). He was something of a goer, but looked (and was) far too young for the part.

Of moderate height, graceful, fragile-looking because of the late hours he kept, and with the don't-care atmosphere hanging to his every movement, all the fat old dowagers and plain peeresses who owned racehorses and went racing would remark over their Souchong tea in the Club Stand what a "very nice boy" was that "pale Mr. William Bicuspid," and what a pity it was he had not been born a lord.

With peerages at their present price it is no doubt that had the clock been put forward a little, and had William Bicuspid the elder been alive, he could have been a light of the upper set in more senses than one, and little Willie would have entered this world a Viscount.

But the luck which had stuck to Bicuspid the elder all through his life did not desert Willie. Fate ordained that he should not become one of the particular *bêtes noirs* of Mr. Lloyd George nor

the victim of an Irish Party that has its own ends (good or bad, brethren! You never see my name in the frame for the Political Controversy Stakes) in view. Instead, it gave him a father who, up to the moment of his lamented demise, insisted upon his working in one of the "shops" above his well-furnished establishments. At the finish of that period young William, who had had mechanical, operating, and managerial experience in all the biggest of Bicuspid, Limited's, 150 branches, emerged proficient in all sections of the business, but above everything he was clever with his fingers. No man employed by the firm could "pack" and "set up" a "case" of molars more skilfully than he.

As his father (who, poor man, died worth only a quarter of a million or so) remarked, in case anything went wrong, Willie was always worth three of the best per week of any false teeth merchant's money.

With a trade at his back, then, in case he should go broke, young Mr. William was better equipped than most dabblers in horse-racing, who have done nothing but think, dream, and talk horse all their lives—and who often end up by eating him.

But once clear of the paternal leading-strings, Willie took the road that is used by all who, having been starved for years on a beggarly ten bob a week pocket money and all found, suddenly came into untold wealth. His father had judiciously tied up most of his money, so that not a penny piece could be touched until he contracted a sensible marriage as should be approved by certain eminently respectable trustees.

But during the flat-racing season the young man had by investing in a string of racehorses that won only when the trainer liked, done in the major portion of as pretty a ready fifty thou. as the Ring's leathern wallets ever yearned for. As a natural consequence he descended to steeplechasing.

Here the luck turned a little, and Willie altered the manner of his life very suddenly by going in for amateur riding. In the gentlemen-riders' races and the hunters' races he became a shining star. He spent his mornings on the training grounds riding horses at exercise instead of staying in bed and partaking of "next morning" corpse-revivers. He lost his usual pallor, and became a fine specimen of manhood once again.

His family lawyers marked the change when he paid them a visit to make an attempt to raise a little on what he had to come. It failed, of course. Those wise-headed men reminded him that when he should contract a marriage "with a desirable young person who shall meet with the unqualified approval of the trustees," he would enjoy, in company with his wife, an income that should more than satisfy any young man who had settled down in life. Had he any suitable young person in his eye?

Mr. Bicuspid named several ladies famed in the chorus of musical comedy, but the musty men shook their heads. Wherefore their ward went back home and broke into the last thousand that he had reserved as a nest egg. After that was done he could see there would be nothing for it but marriage and settling down in order that he might settle up—and he could imagine what sort of "young person" would be considered suitable by those old parchment-merchants.

He still had left a couple of steeplechasers, one a very good horse and the other a moderate one. And strangely enough the good horse was what Mr. Jorrocks would term a "h-ugly beast," while the other—an aged gelding called Patterson and known to all the Ring as "Old Pantechnicon" still preserved an appearance of equine smartness despite his years, which were exceeding many. He was always the best-looking horse in any race he entered for, and usually the last, unless fairly thrown in in the handicap—when he could give the Ring a skimmer by just pounding home in his slow-coach style. Being the one horse who had never lost him any money, Mr. William Bicuspid had a warm corner in his heart for him, and he had never injured his affection by having so much as a penny piece on him at any time. There was not much that Patterson could not jump, but he was sadly troubled with the slows, although he could stay for ever.

The week following Mr. Bicuspid's breaking into his last thousand, however, old Patterson chanced to be fairly pitched into a long-distance race. When Willie saw the easy weight his old stager had been allotted, he came near to accusing the sacred "Racing Calendar" of passing a misprint. Inquiry, however, elicited confirmation.

Finally, he decided to deviate from his usual course, back the old animal to a tune that would get him well out of the cart, and ride him to victory himself.

The history of that race beneath a Northern sky is best briefly told. There was a big field, and, Mr. Bicuspid's "away" money getting back to the Ring, a couple of professional jockeys who were up on a couple of bookmaker-owned horses, were told to wait on "Old Pantechnicon," and see that, whatever else won, he should not.

After two and a half miles of heavy going (in which Patterson revelled) had been traversed, those jockeys saw that there was only one chance of making the gentleman-rider's mount a loser. They took that chance at the last fence where they had any hope of keeping up to the old plodder (their mounts being dead-beat).

Unfortunately, however, they did it unskilfully. When they knocked him over in mid-air, they left on the ground the prone, face-down figure of a young man who had not learnt the art of falling off.

When he came to his senses in the jockeys' room, Mr. William Bicuspid's head was being held up by Nurse Nixie, and his gaze met that of the best girl who ever stepped through the owners', trainers', jockeys', and officials' entrance since the beginning of racing.

"Poor boy!" said she, softly.

And (pardon this sentiment) her price for the Desirable Young Person Stakes immediately shortened to even money. The last thought that occurred to Mr. Bicuspid, as he relapsed into a semi-unconscious state again, was that this was the first woman who had said a tender word to him, with no thought of ultimate gain in her head, since he came into his money. What a Derby for Nurse Nixie!

The conclusion of this story Nurse Nixie told me at the last race meeting she attended in her official capacity. For several days they could not move Mr. Bicuspid from the jockeys' room, but during all that time, of course, Nurse Nixie never left him. When he was convalescent and taking the air in a bath-chair on the Parade at Scar-

borough, he took an opportunity, offered by her arranging of the cushions. She gave an affirmative answer, contingent on his giving up all connection with racing. She said he must sell his horses.

He asked her who the deuce would be likely to buy old Patterson. It is not probable, I am told by our Heart-to-Heart Talks contributor, that he put it in this way. But anyhow it was to that effect. He stuck out for keeping the old animal as an ornament to the paddock of the country house they should live in, so that they might look at him over the gate as the sun sank in the west, ruminate on how the old animal had been the means of bringing them together (*etcetera*).

Nurse Nixie was affected, but firm. No. It would make him yearn for the acclamations of the course again.

She pointed out further that Patterson looked a very nice horse. Mr. Bicuspid observed gloomily that it was only necessary to examine his mouth to dispel the illusion.

And then, as he spoke, an idea came into his head—an idea that sent him, when he was fit again, straight to one of Bicuspid, Limited's, workrooms—the scene of his former triumphs.

He was absent two days, and at the conclusion of that time he returned with the news that he had succeeded in giving away old Patterson. He had made him a present to two much be-tipped gentlemen of the staff of the Triviality—in short, the chuckers-out mentioned at the beginning of my screed These men had long yearned to share a 'chaser between them, and had jumped at the offer of Patterson.

So far was so good, but the mistake that Mr. Bicuspid made was to revisit the Triviality and ask those men of might how their acquisition was progressing.

It was then he gained the experience that Nurse Nixie communicated to me, and which I have in turn passed on to you.

The reason that poor Mr. Bicuspid had a further and longer period of bath-chair riding was due to a careless stableman, who happened to knock Patterson's mouth smartly when grooming him. . . . Something rattled on the stones of the stable at the man's feet.

He picked up that perfect set of horse-molars, and gave vent to a remark that is well worth remembering in case a practical advertising dentist should ever give you a steeplechaser.

It was to the effect that you should never knock a gift-horse in the jaw.

ARABS AND THIRST.

Everybody has heard of the wonderful powers of endurance possessed by the Arab. He can travel great distances on a handful of dates or raisins, and he has a marvellous capacity for going without water.

In one of our Egyptian campaigns a party of British soldiers, guided by an Arab, arrived at a well after a fatiguing march. Our men almost fought with each other in their eagerness to get at the water, but the Arab sat calmly on a stone looking on.

Their thirst assuaged, our men asked him if he did not want a drink. "Oh, no," he replied, "I am not thirsty; I had a drink yesterday."

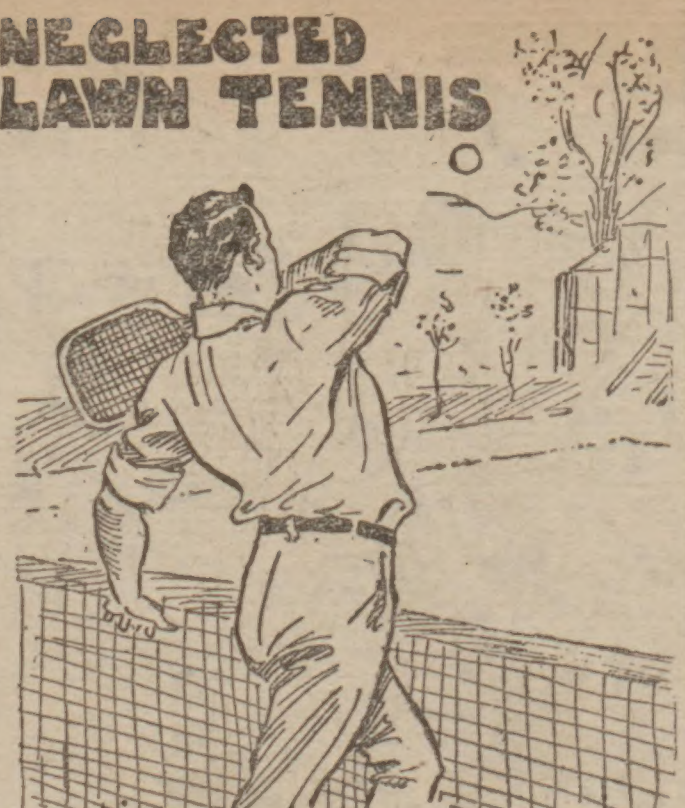
SHAVING IN THE DARK.

Shaving, like skating, cycling, and many other actions that are difficult at first, is very largely a matter of confidence.

Men come to depend so largely on their looking-glasses for shaving that most of them would be quite unable to shave without their assistance.

The risks of shaving in the dark or without a glass are, however, not great, if a man has a little confidence.

The ability to shave without a mirror should be cultivated by every man, for it is a useful accomplishment that comes in handy at most odd and unexpected times.



WHY IS THE GAME NOT PLAYED AT SCHOOLS?

Although it is, I believe, some forty years since Major Walter Clopton Wingfield, M.V.O., invented the game of Lawn Tennis, it has not grown in popularity. Rather has it declined in public favour since the first wave of enthusiasm sent all the "swells" tumbling over each other in their hurry to get the implements of the new game.

This may sound rather a large order, considering the number of tennis clubs in the country and the tennis courts to be seen everywhere.

Still tennis has never caught on with the public at large, while even among the wealthier classes it is not played to anything like the same extent as golf.

Why is this? Does the fault lie in the game itself, or is its comparative unpopularity due to other and outside causes?

AN INDIVIDUAL GAME.

Well, of course, certain things militate against the wide popularity of tennis. It is an individual game, though not more so, if so much so, as golf. Space is required for it, though again not nearly so much as for such other games as cricket, football, and golf.

As regards expense, the average man by joining a club can play tennis quite as cheaply as any other game.

Is it a man's game? Well, of course, there is tennis and there is also pat-ball. Properly played, tennis calls for speed, activity, endurance, stamina, and a good hand and eye, and can be made as "strenuous" as you like. Apart from that, it is an ideal game for men who are past their first youth. Yet in a sense it is unpopular.

The chief reason for this seeming anomaly is that tennis is not taught and encouraged at our schools. At the big public schools it is actively discouraged.

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S VIEW.

I know what the headmasters will say on this point. They will say that tennis is an individual game, and that it does not confer the same physical and moral benefits as cricket and football.

That may be so, and I do not for a moment attempt to deny or decry the physical and moral benefits of cricket and football—to those who like them, and have some aptitude for them.

But there are many, many boys who have no aptitude for cricket or football, and to them these games are a weariness of the flesh. Played unwillingly, slackly, and sulkily, games do more harm than good. Now in tennis these boys might find a congenial exercise.

At the National Schools tennis again is not encouraged.

Now, the point is this: The average man on leaving school is not going to have much time for cricket or football. Football he is not likely to keep up for more than a few years. Saturday afternoon is practically his only day for cricket, and that as often as not is wet.

He finds himself in his manhood without a game to play. For the well-to-do there is golf, but it is still in England almost an impossibility for the man of moderate means.

Tennis would answer all his requirements. He could get in two or three hard sets any fine summer's evening after leaving business. It is inexpensive, and while giving him sufficient healthful exercise, it is not too exhausting for his advancing years. A man can certainly play hard tennis until he is fifty.

MUST BE LEARNT EARLY.

But he has never learned the game at school, and when he takes to it in later life, he is apt never to get beyond the duffer stage, and thus fails to get much enjoyment out of it.

It may be said that these arguments also apply to golf, which, nevertheless, is highly popular among ex-public schoolboys. But the veriest duffer can get as much fun out of golf as the crack. Not so at tennis. The duffer and the crack cannot be brought together as they can be at golf.

Therefore men take up tennis only to drop it in disgust, and thus lose a game which is in every way excellent for the man of sedentary habits or occupation without much time or money to spend on recreation.

It seems hopeless to try to influence public school headmasters in favour of tennis, but the authorities might do something to encourage a game which is well-suited to the recreative needs and opportunities of many of their pupils after leaving school.

E. H. Hill.

WEDDING COSTS.

WHAT A BRIDEGROOM HAS TO PAY FOR.

The bridegroom has the privilege of "shelling out" for various expenses connected with his wedding day.

First of all, there are the legal marriage fees, which run from about £30 for a special licence down to 10s. or even 7s. 6d. for a marriage by banns in a church, or before a registrar.

Marriage by ordinary licence in a church or before a registrar costs from £1 15s. to £2 12s. 6d.

In addition there is the clergyman's fee. This is a purely voluntary offering. In fact it is nothing more nor less than a "tip," and whether it is consonant with the dignity of the clergy to take these tips is open to question. However, there the custom is, and what you give the parson depends on the state of your pocket and the status of the church in which you are married.

A guinea is the usual fee, but at a fashionable church the vicar or rector will expect a "fiver."

If he is assisted by the curate you should give the latter half what you give his principal.

If the ceremony is performed by a strange clergyman who is a friend of yourself or your bride, you must still fee the resident clergy in addition to whatever you choose to give your friend.

The vestry clerk, when there is one, will expect a guinea, while the verger and pew-opener should be placated with five or ten "bob" each.

Then you have the privilege of paying for the organist and choir if you decide to have a choral service. This will run you into anything from one to six guineas.

In short, you are responsible for all arrangements inside the church except floral decorations, which are the business of the bride's family.

In regard to carriages, the bride's father, or other representative pays for those bringing the bride and her family to church, but you settle for the carriage which takes you away from the church, and later on to the railway station.

The bride's father also pays all expenses connected with the reception after the wedding.

Finally, it is up to you to provide bouquets for the bride and bridesmaids, and to present the latter with keepsakes in the way of brooches, bangles, and so on.

Charles Summers.

PACEMAKERS

SHOULD THEY BE ALLOWED?

The 'Varsity sports, which recently took place at Queen's Club, raise the question of pacemakers at athletic meetings.

Oxford and Cambridge are rightly honoured as representing all that is best and purest in sport, and therefore if they countenance pacemakers at their sports, it is clear that there must be much to be said in favour of them.

Exception may be taken to the description of the 'Varsity "second strings" as pacemakers, and obviously in such events as the mile, the 100 yards, the weight, and the hammer, the "second strings" are not pacemakers.

It is fair to admit also that in the distance races the University authorities are often in the position of an owner who has two horses of more or less equal merit in a race and runs them without declaring to win with either.

A CLASSIC INSTANCE.

On the other hand, without making any allusion to the present meeting, men have often been given their athletic blues for the longer races, not because they were great runners, but because they were good pacemakers.

For example, a certain Cantab who got his blue for the quarter, most certainly was not a quarter-miler. Three hundred and fifty yards or thereabouts was his limit, and he ran simply to make the pace for the first string, who could stay for ever and a day, but was the sort of runner who would not make a race with a tortoise unless pulled out.

Now surely this selection was unfair to the genuine but second-rate quarter-milers then at Cambridge, and this is where the system of choosing Blues for their usefulness as pacemakers seems to be unfair to other athletes.

Of course, much depends on the point of view from which you regard athletic meetings. The old type of athlete did not bother his head about records. His object was to beat his opponent, and a race was a duel of wits as well as of speed and stamina.

RUN BY THE "SECONDS"

Races are still personal duels, but the real combat is often fought by the "seconds." It is the "second string" who sets the pace, "nurses" his man and does his best to upset the opposing "first string." Not unfairly, of course, but here is an example of a "second string" virtually winning the race for the 'Varsity.

The distance was a mile, and the Oxford "second string," acting on instructions, jumped off the lead and made the pace a cracker for about three-quarters of the distance, his "first string" hanging on to his heels.

Then he drew out, allowing his man to pass him on the inside, and then, being still pretty full of running, dropped back behind the leader, keeping the inside position. The result was that when the Oxford "first string" made his effort he had to go round on the outside of the Cambridge "second string," and the extra exertion cost him the race.

RUNNING MACHINES.

Cambridge won not because their man was the better miler, but because his opponent was hampered. Pacemaking certainly seems to tend to make the "first string" into a machine who is not called upon to exercise those qualities of judgment and knowledge of pace which are certainly quite as valuable and important as mere speed.

Pacemaking tactics are sometimes deliberately unfair, and the decline in popularity of cycle-racing has undoubtedly been due to the abuse of pacemaking.

There would be a howl, would there not? if it were suggested that the 'Varsity Boat-race should be paced by scratch crews or motor-boats jumping in at different points; but is there any reason for allowing pacing in the 'Varsity sports that would not hold good in the case of the Boat-Race?

Pacemaking, I repeat, tends to lessen the man-to-man element in sport, and I think that is bad.

It tends also to put a premium on record-breaking. Of course, to create a record is a natural ambition with every athlete; but of what real value are paced records?

FREAK PERFORMANCES.

To me the performance of the paced miler is as much a freak performance as that of the cyclist who rides behind an express-train on a specially-prepared track.

The object of athletics, as I understand it, is to develop a man's natural powers and to show what he is naturally capable of, but paced running seems to me wholly artificial.

In cycling, the pacemakers materially help their man by keeping the wind off him and thus lessening the resistance he has to overcome; but records thus made appear to me as valueless as those of a jumper wearing powerful springs in his heels.

A certain amount of artificiality is inseparable from athletic sports. The track is artificial. To leap over a lath which will give at the slightest touch is a very different thing from jumping a stone-wall or five-barred gate, and a champion pole-jumper might be utterly useless for work across the Fens.

TOO ARTIFICIAL.

This cannot be helped, but it seems to me that pacemaking is an unnecessarily artificial element.

From time to time outcry is made about the physical harm done by over-exertion at athletics. Pacemaking is mainly responsible for this. Left to himself a man will usually stop when he has had enough of it, but the pacemakers tempt him and enable him to go on when his natural powers are exhausted.

How can you account for the difference between paced and unpaced performances except by admitting that the former are the result of unnatural effort?

Chased by a tiger, a slow runner might do a hundred yards in level time, but you cannot pretend that that is his natural form.

You may say that training and the performances of a trained athlete are unnatural, but I do not think that argument will hold water.

Natural man is always in training. Shortness of wind, weakness of muscle, fat on the stomach, are all unnatural conditions, produced by civilisation.

The object of training is to restore man as nearly as possible to his natural physical powers.

We do not know what primitive man was capable of as an athlete, simply because no records were kept. In any case records are often most misleading.

THE FALLACY OF RECORDS

If better performances are now done in the 'Varsity sports than when they were first started, this does not prove very much. The track is better, training and physical development are better understood. Above all, the old-timer was content to win his race; if he had his man beat half-way he eased up, instead of attempting to cut records.

Records prove very little. The man who can do a mile in 5 minutes against a strong head wind is as good as the man who does it in 4 minutes 30 seconds on a perfect day. Under certain conditions a 20 feet jump may be quite equal to C. B. Fry's best leap.

Record-breaking has made more broken-down athletes than any other cause, and pacemaking is at the root of the evil. But I fear the pacemaker has come to stay. The craze for speed is symptomatic of the age, and we must move with the times.

That being so we must admit that the pacemaker has many good qualities. He must be unselfish. He is out not for personal distinction, but for the benefit of his side.

A TICKLISH JOB

He must deliberately sacrifice whatever chance he has of winning.

He must be a good judge of the "game." Often he may have to alter tactics previously arranged, and on him mainly falls the responsibility of doing so.

An error of judgment on his part may have fatal consequences. He may take his man along a shade too fast or too slow. It is for him to set the pace, and this calls for great judgment and discretion.

He must know the strength and weakness of his opponents and act accordingly, tempting the non-stayer to run himself to a standstill, when his own man is a stayer, keeping the pace slow when his man cannot stay but is good for a sprint when carefully "nursed."

Finally, he has to undergo practically all the rigours of training, but there are no championship rewards for him.

All said and done, the pacemaker is probably a necessity in modern sport, but I could wish he were not.

All sport is good in itself, but it becomes bad when you make a business of it, and pacemaking seems to me to introduce an undesirable element.

G. E. WILSON.

GOLF POOL.

Have you ever played it? It is quite a good test of your skill at potting a billiard ball.

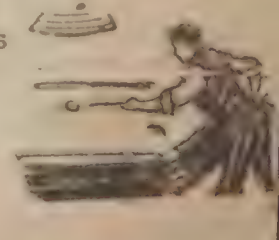
This is how it is played.

The first player (there can be any number of them) spots the red on the centre spot, and playing his own ball from any part of the baulk semi-circle, tries to pot the red in the top right-hand pocket. If he succeeds the red again goes on the centre spot; and this time he plays his white from where it has rolled, with the object of holing the red in the middle right-hand pocket. He proceeds in the same way round the table until he has holed the ball in all the six pockets.

The player is adjudged the winner who "goes round," so to speak, in the least number of strokes!

It will be found on practising that you have to be very good if you can complete the course in as few as twenty strokes; for the hard part is to bring your ball into position for each successive shot.

The record score at present is thirteen strokes.



THE OPTIMIST

A HUMAN SKETCH

By S. MORSE-CHAPLIN.

Characteristically, the first time I saw Little Molly she was combating with the difficulties of life.

Deposited in a small wooden box, which had been used originally for packing lump sugar, she was tenaciously holding on to the side with her dirty little hands and vainly endeavouring to clamber out.

This place of safety had been chosen for her by her mother, who took in washing in large quantities, and accordingly Little Molly, though only ten or eleven months old, was perforce left to create her own amusement.

I watched her interestedly for a minute or two, and came to the conclusion that she was particularly adept at that difficult occupation.

Finding that from where she stood escape was impracticable, she worked herself along till she came to a corner, and then, using her knees, her face distorted frightfully with the exertion, she contrived to raise herself till she was balanced perilously on the edge.

There she hung grimly, while the reality that she could get no further spread slowly over her face.

A final wriggle, a look of comical dismay, and she toppled backwards!

I hastened forward to pick her up. She was already on all fours, scrambling to regain her feet.

"O-oh—!" she gurgled with immense glee, and proceeded to repeat the wonderful game.

A lump rose perceptibly on the back of her little head.

* * * * * * *

In those days Little Molly was the youngest of a family of five. Later, she dwindled to the comparative unimportance of number five in twelve.

She undertook sole charge of number twelve—what time she was not compulsorily absent at school—washing him and dressing him, soothing him when he cried, and wheeling him up and down the street in a dilapidated perambulator for hours together, with a tremendous air of maternity.

I listened to her scolding him one day, evidently in terms caught from her mother.

She picked him up and dumped him down again, packing his clothes about him with impatient energy.

"Why such a worritin' little wretch ever came into the world I don't know!" she averred with satisfaction.

On another occasion I interrupted her in a fight with a boy.

He was a boy about as big as herself, and she was attacking him with desperate ferocity and a lot of unprofitable wildness.

Parting them, I sternly inquired the cause of the disturbance. The boy grinned sheepishly, but Little Molly struggled fiercely in my grasp.

"'E said the baby was scabby!" she gasped. "*Loose* me!"

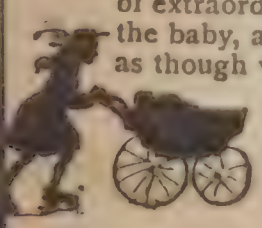
To the boy—"Yah, yer coward! Coward you! 'Ittin' a girl! Coward!"

"She 'it me first," declared the boy, defensively.

"Serve yer right! I only wish I'd 'it harder!"

The boy repeated the insult and ran.

She watched his departure with an expression of extraordinary malignity; then she looked at the baby, and the ugliness passed from her face as though wiped clean with a sponge.



"'E ain't scabby, is e'?" she pleaded, turning her face up to me.

"Good gracious, no!" said I, mendaciously.

She muttered something, and, drab hair dishevelled, set off quickly for home, her body at an angle as she pushed the pram before her.

"Stop that cryin' now!" I heard her sharp command.

* * *

How it came about is too voluminous to detail, but at fourteen Little Molly went on the music-hall stage as a contortionist.

She was attached to a troupe giving a juvenile turn, but hers was the proud privilege of giving a turn all by herself.

For this she was paid a salary of a pound a week and expenses; or, to be more exact, her mother received three-fourths of the pound by arrangement; while the remainder was retained for buying her clothes, excepting one shilling, with which Little Molly was allowed to do as she liked.

I saw her performance one night—a puny little figure, flexible as rubber, clad in fleshings of a Mephistophelian red, and writhing about in limelight of the same hue.

A contortionist always gives me a chill down my back; and this was worse—until the lights went up, and I saw her bowing and laughing in genuine delight at the applause.

Then I realised that to feel pity for Little Molly was mere indulgence of sentimental weakness.

"Like it!" she exclaimed, when I happened across her at her house one day. "It's prime! You should see what they give us to eat!"

She was electrical with enthusiasm and brimful of anticipations.

"They say I'm the youngest in the profession at my game," she remarked, sitting on the table and swinging her legs. "Five years' start of the lot! What ho! I'll be getting my ten quid a week before I've done, you see if I don't!"

On the strength of this optimism she sketched out the future of the whole family.

Chief among the achievements were to be the satisfaction of her mother's long-cherished ambition to own a little greengrocery shop—her father, be it understood, was an inconsiderable factor in the household—and the training of Number Twelve to be a comedian in *the* profession.

She was, at the time, romantically enamoured of a famous eccentric comedian.

* * * * * * *

Whether those hopes will ever be fulfilled I am unable to say, because the ten pounds a week still belong to the realm of rosy fancy. But I think it is more than likely that some day they will.

She is eighteen now, and "on her little own," as she terms it.

A postal order for a sovereign reaches her mother every Monday morning, addressed to the care of a friendly tradesman in case her father should appropriate it.

She has dyed her hair an unsuccessful gold, and she rouges and powders unblushingly, while her flamboyant taste in attire accentuates her littleness. But the look in the honest brown eyes redeems it all.

I tell her sometimes that she'll be getting married one of these days, but Little Molly retorts decisively "Not much!"

I suppose she will, however—and I hope she won't.

She might change.

APRIL SHOWERS.

WHEN ENGLISH WEATHER IS MOST MIXED AND MOST ATTRACTIVE.

April weather lasts from any time in March to any time in May. It is the type of weather that has always called forth the curses and the praises of Englishmen almost simultaneously, and it is more like a woman in her varied and inconsequent moods, and as difficult to understand.

Nevertheless—again like woman—which of us would willingly be without our typical April weather that comes so regularly?

Uncertainty, far beyond the common degree of fickleness that is always characteristic of English weather, is the special mark of April-shower weather, and the man who makes this time one for outdoor life has an exciting time.

Not the least disconcerting characteristic of this sort of weather is its extremes of heat and cold. This makes it very difficult to dress for the part.

A man may start at nine o'clock in the morning in bright, hot sunshine and a balmy air, to spend the morning strolling leisurely along the lanes.

By half-past nine he may be plunged into mid-winter, and be paying a cold penalty for his forgetfulness.

On the other hand, he may be prepared for blizzards, and experience a morning of unclouded sky and sweat beneath his winter overcoat.

Just when you are led to believe that warm weather has "set in"—how pathetic is our English faith in weather "setting in"—you wake one morning with a strange and unaccustomed whiteness on the ceiling near the window.

Perhaps you only half realise this whiteness. Then, jumping out of bed and looking out you see the earth snow-clad. The year has dropped back a couple of months.

But no! as if quietly amused at its own trickery, a calm sun is shining. There is no sign of a snowcloud. The weather seems to have rushed the snow down very early in the morning, just to surprise you.

And then you enjoy that pleasure of seeing spring in full swing in spite of winter's return.

From out of the very snow itself the long green spikes of the bulbs are protruding quite contentedly. They have taken the little joke of Nature's very well.

And true enough, within a couple of hours every vestige of snow has gone from the open places. Here and there in the wood where the sun could not penetrate there is a strip of white left, but that, too, dies away in the course of the day.

The calm is not for long. Over the hills there hangs a deep blue-black, dense and angry cloud. As it comes nearer it covers more and more of the horizon, until only a little patch of blue sky remains low on the opposite skyline.

In front of the advancing cloud there is a strange stillness in the air; but you know that unless you bolt for shelter you will be in the midst of a downpour of hail.

Far away on one side there is a hanging, ragged sort of cloudy curtain, where the hail is looping down and driving along. Then with a loud pattering you hear it advancing across the wood, smacking down on the leaves.

Just as it threatens to continue for hours, when the clouds seem unbroken, the downpour suddenly stops short, stops dead. In another two seconds there is a break in the canopy of black and a smiling sun is once again beating down with almost summer warmth, and the whole earth seems to be back into spring, late spring, with green showing everywhere.

J. G. HAYWARD.

STROKE PLAY AT GOLF

ITS TRIALS AND TEMPTATIONS.

Even if you are not a golfer, you probably know that there are two ways of playing—viz., match and medal play.

In match play, each hole is decided on its merits, and victory goes to him who wins the most holes. In medal play, on the other hand, holes do not count at all, and the winner is he who plays the whole round in the least number of strokes.

Obviously, therefore, a man may be a good match player, but a poor performer when it comes to medal conditions.

This is because, except that you probably lose the hole it does not matter at match play if you get hopelessly bunkered and take 30 strokes to one hole, for that will not affect your chance of winning subsequent holes. But to do so in medal play would be to ruin your chance of returning a decent score.

MATCH AND MEDAL PLAY.

The rules of match and medal play also differ. For example, at the former, if you lose your ball, you lose that particular hole, but at the latter, should you lose the ball you are entitled, under penalty of one stroke, which is added on to your score, to return to the place whence you struck the last ball, there "tee" another ball and play again.

Match play favours the brilliant, but erratic player, medal conditions the golfer of the "slow-and-sure" type.

Medal play is particularly exasperating because, as has been said, one really bad mistake is practically irretrievable, whereas at match play you always have a chance of getting a bit of your own back.

Because strokes only count, there is a great temptation to the player to count his score, and to get worried about it.

This is fatal. It is a counsel of perfection, but the best plan is to forget your score altogether and play as if it did not exist.

Easier said than done, for steadiness is essential, and dangerous shots must be avoided. But if you keep your score you begin to think of the consequences of a bad shot, and that means disaster.

KEEP THE SCORE.

And failure often comes when you are doing well, through thinking of your score.

Perhaps you start off in terrific form, and do the first six holes in 18. Then you begin to think of beating your record; you also begin to wonder whether this miraculous state of affairs can last. Result—you begin to "press," and are lost.

On the other hand, you may start badly with, say, a 6 and a 7. If you allow this to weigh on you, you will try to do the third hole in 1, and probably take 13.

The "only way" is to ignore the bad start and play your usual game.

Then there is a great temptation to watch the play of your opponent. At match play it is as well to do so, for his situation may materially affect your play. For example, your only chance of saving a hole may be to go "all out" for a shot. But in a medal round it is best to forget your opponent, except as regards recording his score.

STEADY PLAY COUNTS.

There are no "stymies" in medal play, so that it really does not matter where your opponent's ball goes to. Medal play is like a long-distance race. Your best chance lies in maintaining an even speed, and refusing to be hurried or bustled.

Your opponent may be several strokes ahead of you, but don't go after him. Keep your head, play steady, and very likely he will come back to you.

Medal play, I should say, is provocative of far more bad language than match play. You start gaily off, determined to do 80 for the round, but you begin badly, go from bad to worse, and by the time the turn is reached you are hopelessly out of it, and there is nothing to do but to tear up your card, and laugh or curse according to your disposition.

In match play you may be badly beaten, but you have a chance of winning the "bye," and interest is thus sustained to the end.

F. W. MASTERMAN.

"FRIENDLY" SMOKING COMPETITIONS.

Have you ever tried them? They are not at all a bad way of infusing a certain amount of humour into what would otherwise be a dull half-hour.

Let two or more men light up a cigarette at the same time, and let there be a small "prize"—say a packet of cigarettes or tobacco—for the man who manages to make his "smoke" last out the longest. The funny part of the contest arrives when the cigarettes have been smoked down to mere stumps, for the agonised efforts of Brown to hold the burning morsel in his lips a second longer than Jones will afford much amusement to all but the competitors in question.

SHARING DIGGINGS.

Apart from the entire question of the wisdom or otherwise of this proceeding, there are many points which, if you are sharing diggings, will go far towards making the experiment a success.

The first is: Clear out at once if the other fellow shows signs of developing into a predominating partner. The rooms will soon be run as his and his alone if a stand is not made at once.

But that is the big question, or part of it. The little things are just as important. It is so easy to become indifferent as to drawing the line between the respective possessions of the two men. This is fatal to comfort. Just when you want a certain article of clothing you find your pal, taking a liberty he knows you will not resent, openly at least, has borrowed it. And a man who will borrow one thing will borrow another.

It is far better to lend each other money, and it will lead to far less inconvenience, than lending odds and ends of clothing and accessories.

Do not do it if you wish to keep all your self-respect and your possessions. It is a slovenly habit to get into—this sort of feeling that everything is in common, and it is the ruin of comfort when sharing diggings.

A WAYSIDE CAMP.

WHERE THE GIPSIES ARE OUTSPANNED FOR THE NIGHT.

There is a chilly coolness in the aspect of the sky, broad yellow patches of sunset light show cold and clear through the trees, on which there are still but few leaves, and those but young.

About this hour the light is puzzling. Looking towards the west the roads are dark by contrast with the watery brightness of the sky. Only with difficulty can objects be made out between the high hedges which invite and enclose the early gloom.

Where the road is wider and the hedges lower, however, there can be seen the stump of a thin chimney jutting out of a curved roof not much larger than a movable fowl-shed. It is the van of the gipsies.

They have slowed up, and, the roadside offering a broad tract of grassy and level space, they have decided to outspan here for the night.

On my journey outward from the village I find them just making ready for the night.

Round about the caravan three or four ragged, barefooted, but apparently well-fed and completely contented children are chattering and trotting about.

Near them is a huge heap of dead wood, large and small, which they have gathered during the last mile or so of their day's march, by incursions into the open woodlands at the roadside.

A short distance up the road, well within earshot, the man of the company has taken the one lean horse and tethered him securely, having first led him to a small running stream for a long drink.

The door of the caravan is open, and, the horse having been removed, it is easy to see the general disarray of the interior. A youngish woman, brown rather than dark according to the supposed habit of gipsies, moves about with a baby.

The voices of them all are harsh.

Sparks are mingling with the blue wood smoke that comes from the stumpy funnel in the roof, and I hear sounds that suggest the evening meal.

Meanwhile the man has returned. He gathers sticks from the heap, builds them cunningly, and soon has a fire burning brightly.

Seen from a distance the wayside camp suggests all manner of comfortable ideas. There seems such a peace, a warmth, a desire to be happy and snug for the night, almost a romance, round that bright fire two fields away. But a nearer view dispels these thoughts and suggestions.

As I pass beyond range of the conversation only scraps of the children's shriller talk reach me, and the glow of the fire is less bright.

Then, passing further forward, the whole scene vanishes at a turn of the road.

Two hours later I am on the way back. The scene round the van has changed.

Now, not a soul is outside. Somehow, with apparent ease, the crowd, man, woman, and children—there were six to my knowledge, all told—have stowed themselves away inside the van with the narrow doorway and the two tiny windows, the glass painted to resemble curtains.

The fire has lost its power. Beneath the grey ash there is still a glow, but it is dying. The horse munches steadily on the scanty roadside herbage.

For the most part all is quite still and silent. No watch is set, for the gipsies have none to fear. By the time we are out and about to-morrow the van will have disappeared and only a round black patch, with grey ashes and dead brands, half-burned, will mark the spot of the night's camp.

M. BRUCE.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF DOG-DEALING.

A SKETCH.

To stand in a dog-dealer's busy mart is an eye-opener for innocents.

People passing and repassing; yapping dogs, littered straw, doggy odours. Along comes a nervous person towing an unwilling canine, a brute, all point, and little else.

The nervous person is indignant, fixes your dog-dealer with outraged eye; but he's ready for him. "Mornin' sir; brought him back because 'e's too vicious? Bit of the bull in that dog. Look at 'is jaw!"

Then the other pours out his wrongs.

It appears that dog howled because it couldn't go with a certain disreputable person with a wooden leg and hawking laces. It wasn't content with licking his hands.

"Wooden leg, sir?" breaks in the dealer, glibly. "Darkish feller? W'y, bless you, no wonder 'e 'owled! That's old Dick: 'ad 'im 'ere three months, up to last week, a-'elping with the kennelling. 'E almost worshipped that dog.

"Absolute coward you say, sir? That dog is not a coward!"

"But hang it, man," says the disgusted buyer, "coming down the street this morning a mongrel half his size bowled him over on his back!"

"Jest so," is the imperturbable rejoinder, "on his back, mark you, you said, sir! That breed always fights best on their backs, sir. That's his cunning!"

Then, as the careful dealer sees rising wrath in the other's eyes, a wonderful light suddenly breaks over him.

"W'y, weren't you the gentleman as wanted a ratter?

"Wot! A house-dog? W'y 'e's gorn an' sold you the best ratter on the premises!

"Here, Jim! What the —— did you go and sell the gentleman Ferret for? 'E wants a house-dog."

And Jim comes along picking a straw, and very humble, and, of course, very dazed about the whole affair.

Explanations ensue, straightforward businesslike explanations, in which coins are handed over—oh, no, not by the dealer.

Finally, that knowing customer tows away a rough carpet-rug arrangement, that "'eld two burglars for five hours on a wet Saturday night, s'elp me, while I'd just left the 'ouse to fetch a drink."

Then along comes a lady who, because the aristocracy won't have her, must have everything aristocratic.

There's money with this customer. Her coachman is perched, or rather glued, on the box outside. She is addressed as "your ladyship," and, of course, the identical dog that she wants is luckily, by some strange chance, here at the identical time.

"Of course, I know your ladyship wants a dog like His late Majesty's. Very awkward to get, mum, very. Why Earl——," mentioning a great name, "rang up only this morning: 'Must 'ave one. Price no object, Blinks.'

"'Yes, your lordship,' I answers. 'I'll do my best, as your ancestors said at Waterloo.' It's the Cup I means, lady, o' course. And you comin' is just the sort of thing as one might expect, for as his lordship says, one must be in the swim.

"I know 'is lordship is the man to give first place to a lady, and if £10 won't be too much, w'y, it's done!"

And the proud customer, only too glad to be thus associated with the real nobility, pays eagerly; and as her carriage rolls away the dog-dealer contemplates a hairy terrier with a pathetic eye: "Yew looks to me like a cross between a frog and a rabbit, but you're not, yew know, you're related to Royalty—on the bill."

P. Hanson.

MY NOTEBOOK.

CLASS DISTINCTION.

One of the things that has been accomplished by this paper has been the breaking down, to a very considerable extent, of the old-rooted feeling of class distinction.

Most papers appeal to one definite class with a certain income, but I am happy to say that THE MODERN MAN numbers amongst its readers both rich and poor.

And this is as it should be.

The best of masculine character is common to every grade of society, and has nothing whatsoever to do with money.

I have endeavoured at all times to eliminate from the paper anything that might be offensive either to poor men or to wealthy men, and I am glad to say that I have been successful in doing so.

The other afternoon there called to see me a subaltern in one of our crack cavalry regiments, at present stationed in India.

He was home on leave, and he told me that the paper was most popular in the officers' mess, and that several of his fellow-officers had told him to be sure to look me up when he came to London.

To be in that regiment, one requires an income of six hundred a year, and can very well do with an income of a thousand a year.

Such a man as my visitor could afford to buy any paper that took his fancy, but ours was his favourite.

I asked him which of the features he liked best, and he said that the general favourite, both with himself and with his friends, was Selby.

By way of contrast, I may mention the fact that I have had letters and visits from readers who have been actually out of employment, but who have always managed, in one way or another, to buy the paper. In some cases I have been able to help them to find work, but that is by the way.

My point is that in THE MODERN MAN we have been able, to a large extent, to break down class prejudice, and to show both rich and poor that there are fine men in every grade of society.

Nowhere is the lack of social distinction more noticeable than in the various MODERN MAN Clubs, where the man who is well off meets on terms of perfect equality the man who is working for a small wage.

ANOTHER VISIT TO A CLUB.

The other evening I spent a most enjoyable hour at the Ilford MODERN MAN Club, at 3, Natal Parade, Ilford Lane, Ilford.

The men I met there were of precisely the same type as all the other readers with whom I have come into contact.

It is difficult to describe men whom you admire and like, and I shall not, therefore, attempt to do so.

The Ilford MODERN MAN Club is housed in very handsome premises. The lower part of the building had formerly been a shop, but the window is now screened off with heavy curtains, and the name of the club appears in bold letters across the glass. They have made what was formerly the shop into a gymnasium and general club-room, with plenty of chairs about and a piano in the corner.

Behind there is a smaller reading-room. Upstairs there is a billiard-room, with an excellent table, and in the cellar there has been fitted up a miniature rifle range.

The Ilford Club has made an excellent start, and its membership will grow rapidly, for there is no other club of the kind in that district, and any man wishing to play billiards has so far been obliged to patronise the billiard-room of a public-house.

The evening was that of the official opening ceremony, and there were over a hundred present. They called upon me to make a speech, and I did my best, but I am afraid that I am a very poor hand at speech-making. The club, however, required no recommendation from me, for the whole atmosphere was eloquent of the aims and objects of this paper and its readers.

The men there were a hearty, healthy lot, with any amount of enthusiasm and go.

Unfortunately it was impossible for me to remain at the club for more than an hour, as I had to return to town for an important business consultation, late though the hour was.

I communicated this fact to the chairman, and he very obligingly altered the programme, and announced a display of sparring which had been timed to come off later in the evening, so that I might see it before I left.

The two men who boxed were splendid chaps, and the exhibition was most interesting, for they were remarkably well matched. They sparred three rounds of two minutes each, and it would have been difficult to say at the end of it which was the better man.

As they were leaving for the dressing-room I shook hands with both of them. One man had some good British blood showing amongst his teeth as he smiled when I congratulated him. He had got hurt a little, but he was perfectly happy.

We want plenty of men like that in our clubs.

THE MODERN MAN, LTD.

Those who propose to invest in this Company should not put the matter off any longer, for the remaining shares are rapidly being taken up, and when the authorised capital of the Company has been entirely subscribed, it will be impossible for us to offer further shares.

In order to benefit the Company by having all its capital subscribed, I have allocated a certain section of my own Deferred Shares for this purpose. Those who apply for Shares on the form printed on page 15, will receive, free of all cost, one fully-paid £1 Deferred Share with every pound's worth of 7 per cent. Cumulative Ordinary Shares that are allotted to them.

SPRINGTIME RESOLUTIONS.

Some people make a number of resolutions on New Year's Day, and, of course, break the lot on January 2. There is nothing about that time of the year to induce you to change your mode of life, but there is much in the air of springtime to give you new strength and courage to mend your ways, if you think that they want mending.

The sap is rising in the trees, the buds are bursting forth into leaf, and in the same way a fresh vigour is being experienced by each of us.

This is the time to make resolutions if you want to do so. This is the time to start a definite campaign in the way of sport or physical culture. This is the moment to decide to get up earlier.

The spring air is a tonic to the mind as to the body, and it will help you to carry out any resolutions that you may see fit to enter into.

THE AGE OF TERRITORIALS.

Some very interesting statistics regarding the Territorial Force have just been made public. It appears that there are at present 257,337 N.C.O.s and men in the Territorials, and of that number no less than 115,830 are under the age of twenty-one.

The enemies of the Territorial Force will turn these figures to their own purposes, and will point out that nearly half the Force consists of minors.

My own opinion is that these figures prove nothing to the detriment of the Force. On the contrary, I believe that a man's enthusiasm is keener when he is young than it is in later years, and some of the best soldiers I have met in the Territorial Force, both amongst the men and amongst the officers, have been under the age of twenty-one.

To do the work of the Territorial Force you must have a certain amount of keenness and enthusiasm, and no one has these qualities in a greater degree than has the comparative youngster.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

BILLIARD BALLS.

IVORY v. COMPOSITION.

John Roberts has stated that if the proposed great billiard match between H. W. Stevenson and George Gray is arranged, as every sportsman hopes will be the case, the Australian "wonder" will require several months' practice to get accustomed to the ivory balls with which the game is to be played. Gray, of course, has been playing all his matches with Crystalate balls, and the fact that he needs so much practice with the ivories illustrates the big difference there is between the ivory and the composition billiard-ball.

This difference lies chiefly in the different angle thrown by the two balls.

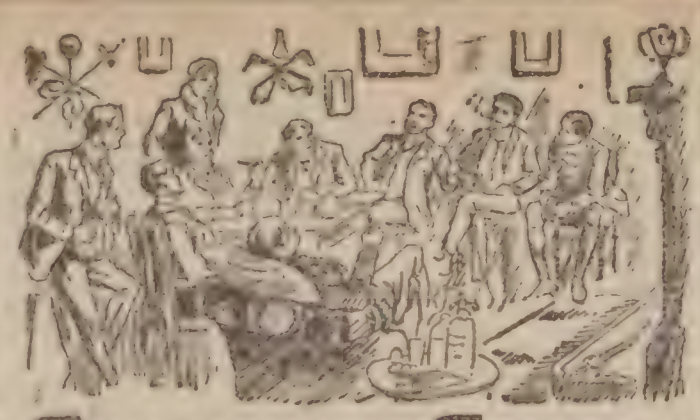
Composition-balls "come off" much quarer than ivories. For example, if you are playing a red loser from hand into the left-hand middle pocket, you will need to spot your ball from an inch to two inches nearer the left-hand cushion than you would with ivories.

Undoubtedly really good ivories are pleasanter to play with than the best of composition-balls. There is a spring "run" and elasticity about them that the latter lack. But it is not easy to get a perfect set of ivories. Professionals may be presumed to command the best, but their matches are often interrupted to change the balls which have been found to be just a trifle untrue.

Further, ivories are greatly affected by changes of temperature, and are apt to chip or lose their shape.

For the average billiard-room, composition-balls are unquestionably the best. To begin with, they cost about a third of the price of ivories. They are usually absolutely true, and changes of temperature do not affect them.

E. S. Smythe.



SPORTING STORIES

WISHED HE HAD.

The two jockeys had not met one another since the end of the last flat-racing season, and in the meantime one of them had got married.

"How are you getting on, old chap?" asked his friend. "I knew your wife before you married her."

"Ah!" replied the other, as the corners of his mouth turned sorrowfully downwards, and he meditatively slapped his boot with his whip, "that's more than I did!"

AFTER THAT: SILENCE.

They were two of the usual type of hockey girls. Loud of manner, coarse of complexion, with more or less masculine clothes and thick boots.

They were discussing physical matters, after the manner of their kind.

"I shouldn't have thought," said one of them, "that you weighed so much as all that."

"Ah!" said the other, "but I'm speaking of my weight when I've got my clothes on. I only go 9st. 3lbs. when I'm stripped for gym."

And the man sitting in the opposite corner of the carriage began to whistle softly that old melody from "The Belle of New York" which begins: "Oh, lucky someone or another ——"

FORGIVEN, THIS ONCE.

"William Henry," said the lady, addressing her youngest son, "the atmosphere in this room is absolutely poisoned! Didn't I tell you that I should chastise you severely if I again found you putting pieces of india-rubber on the bars of the grate?"

The little boy raised his innocent blue eyes, while his mother scowled menacingly and bent down to remove her slipper.

"Yes, Ma," said William Henry, "but this isn't a piece of india-rubber; it's the stump of one of the cigars you gave Pa on his birthday."

TRACING THE PEDIGREE.

They met at a house party. One prided himself on his pedigree, and the other had no pedigree to pride himself about.

"How far," said the family man, twisting the conversation in that direction, "can your ancestry be traced?"

"Not very far," replied the other. "My father was a cashier in a bank. They managed to trace him to Buenos Aires, but he got away."

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JOIN OUR LEAGUE TO-DAY.

If you are a regular reader of this paper, you ought also to be a member of The Modern Man League, with all its advantages.

The wearing of the League badge, which is supplied at cost price in various forms, gives you the privilege of an introduction to other members in whatever part of the country you happen to be.

The badge is obtainable in the following forms and at the following prices:

Gold-plated tie-pin	6d.	Solid silver tie-pin.....	1s.
Gold-plated safety-pin.....	6d.	Solid silver safety-pin	1s.
Gold-plated lapel or cap badge	6d.	Solid silver lapel or cap badge...	1s.
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9-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 6s.
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Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a P.O. to cover the price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, The Modern Man, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

APPLICATION FORM.

Please enrol me as a Member of The Modern Man League, and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

I desire the badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, gold-plated; and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch-chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

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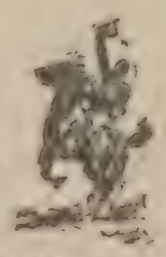

The League Badge Actual size.

A Tobacco Discovery

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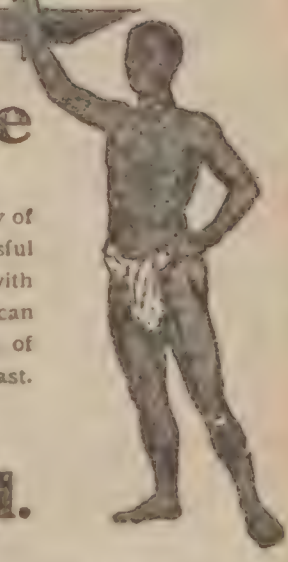

Unlike all other tobacco—possesses an individuality of its own. To British taste, it is the first really successful tobacco grown in Africa. It must not be confused with Boer or other Tobaccos. Equal to the best American growths, yet at a moderate price. A cool smoke of pleasing aromatic flavour that burns free to the last. Try it To-day. You will be delighted.

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R. & J.

Rapid Physical Development

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

F. G. Mitchell, M.A.

PHYSICAL CULTURE AS A HOBBY.

Physical exercise is, in my opinion, a necessity for every man. If he gets it in his day's work, well and good, but if he is a sedentary worker, he must substitute for natural exercise some system of physical culture,

He must do this simply for the sake of his health. This is a fact realised by the majority of men to-day, so I need not enlarge upon it, but there are some men who, after spending a few minutes morning and night in doing physical exercise, are surprised that though their health has benefited, their muscles have not become exceptionally large.

To them the words physical culture sound magical, and they suppose that by taking it up they must necessarily become like the strong men whose photographs they treasure.

Nothing great can be done in the realm of physical culture without hard work, and if you want to attain exceptional physical development, you must make physical culture your hobby, spending every spare moment in one form or another of athletic exercise.

This, of course, is impossible to the average man, and it is not to be desired. He is quite content with a few minutes of exercise in the morning and at night, and with occasional indulgence in some form of sport. All I want to point out to him is that it is unreasonable for him to expect exceptional development under such circumstances. I do not want to urge him to strive for exceptional development.

Muscles of exceptional size are not of much use to anyone except the professional strong man, but we all want to have muscles of reasonable proportions and of reasonable toughness, and these you can obtain by following a scientific system of physical culture for a few minutes morning and night. If you care to devote more time to your exercises, you may look for exceptional results.

A DEVELOPER FOR THE NECK AND BACK MUSCLES.

Stand erect with the feet slightly separated and clasp the hands at the back of the head.

Throw the chest out and hollow the back, and keep the body motionless throughout the exercise.

Force the head back slowly.

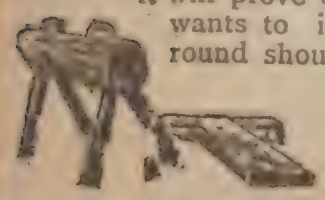
Now move the head forward, keeping the hands against it, and from this position force it back as far as it will go.

At the same time exert the arm muscles as if to pull the head forward.

By this playing of the muscles of the arm and shoulder against those of the neck and back, you obtain that resistance which is so useful in physical culture.

Repeat the movement ten times, bringing the head gently forward and putting all the vim you possess into the forcing of it back and into the forward pull with the hands.

The muscles of the back will be developed by this exercise to a greater extent than one might imagine, and, moreover, it will prove of great assistance to the man who wants to improve his carriage or to cure round shoulders.



SLEEPING IN TENTS.

The time will soon be at hand when some men will start sleeping in tents in the garden, and I think that much may be said for the tent form of bedroom. Personally I may say that I have never slept more soundly than when sleeping in a tent. Not only do you sleep soundly, but you have a feeling of extreme freshness when you wake up.

There are some enthusiasts who from the beginning of April onwards sleep outside, with only an awning above them to keep off the rain. This is all very well for those with sturdy constitutions, but the average indoor worker is not quite strong enough for such drastic treatment.

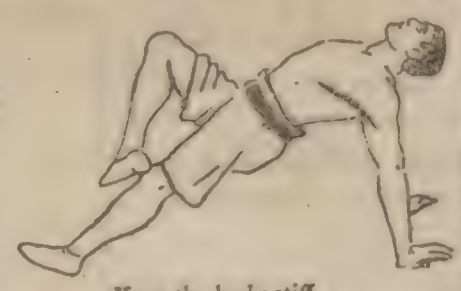
A tent, however, will supply him with all the fresh air he could desire during his hours of slumber. It will also keep away from him those draughts which might possibly injure his health.

To all readers who have a garden, I would say that the idea of sleeping in it under the shelter of a tent is one worthy of their consideration. Those readers who have no garden, can do the next best thing by sleeping with their windows wide open.

A LEG DEVELOPER.

The starting position for this exercise is with the body and arms in the position illustrated, and both heels on the ground close together.

Raise the legs alternately as shown in the sketch, bending them so that the heel is brought alongside the other knee.



Keep the body stiff.

The back must be kept hollow, and the lower leg unbent throughout.

The muscles of the legs and the back will profit most by these movements.

In bending the leg, see that you make the muscles of it as tense as possible, for unless you put vigour into the exercise it is useless.

Throughout this exercise breathe freely. You will find when doing it that there is a tendency to hold the breath, but you must fill your lungs and exhaust them as fully as you can.

Always breathe as deeply as possible while going through your exercises.

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THE BIRD-CATCHER.

AN OUTDOOR CHARACTER OF A PRIMITIVE TYPE.

He is not an unpicturesque figure by any means. Into the stuffy live-stock shop where I first beheld him he seemed to bring a whiff of country air; a sense of freedom and outdoor life clung about him.

You felt instinctively that here was one of Nature's children—one of the vagabonds dear to her maternal heart.

Clad in a long overcoat of many colours, with bulging pockets, a cap so weather-stained and discoloured that it was hardly distinguishable from the matted thatch of hair below it, and gold earrings.

His face was gipsy-like in its contour and complexion; his eye was akin to a bird's in quickness and expression. Over all was the sharp, alert look of the man who spends his time in the woods and works under the open sky.

He carried a bundle over his shoulder and a small cage, covered with a red handkerchief, in his hand.

This he untied, and disclosed a protesting feathered prisoner. The bundle likewise contained birds.

The next time I saw him he was in his native habitat, and there he looked in keeping with his surroundings.

He had little or no gift of speech as we understand it; his, possibly, was the language of the streams and the forest trees, with a few of the notes of the wild birds thrown in.

I tried to get him to tell me how he caught his captives, but he was silent; possibly he could not explain any more than the hawk can explain how he harries his victim in mid-air.

Of course he has some secret preparation in the shape of bird lime, some cunningly contrived nets, some snare that no bird, however wise he may be, can escape.

He has studied their ways and weaknesses, but of his modus operandi he is mute.

It may be that the law would have something to say to his methods, but it seems difficult to suspect him of cruelty when one sees how gently he handles his captives.

He is an Ishmail to whom the wilderness is kind.

A perpetual source of trouble and annoyance to those societies that would prevent the capture of wild birds, he yet pursues his trade undeterred by threats of punishment.

Notices put up in country places he ignores with the lofty indifference of an ignorance that is older than the knowledge of the schools.

Of the man's inner life I know nothing. He may have a mate as wild and free as himself, and a home somewhere in the heart of the woods; possibly he can handle a child as gently and tenderly as I have seen him hold a newly caught bird, and possibly he can whistle a love song of his own as well as imitate the call notes of the wild birds among whom he lives.

I noticed his marvellous patience, a patience akin to that of the hawk and the beast of prey. Man in most instances has lost that trait altogether, it is an instinct of the wild, primeval life that has no affinity to the hustle of modern existence.

What does he make at his trade? Only a few pence for each feathered prisoner, but his compensations are the fresh breezes that fan his cheeks, the freedom of his woodland haunts, the companionship of the untamed and the untamable.

The country folk imagine that he has some mysterious power over the birds; to them he is the last incarnation of the wizard.

The gamekeeper has no love for him, for he suspects him of practices not of necessity part of his trade. But on the whole he goes and comes pretty much as he likes.

The live-stock shops rely on him for their British bird supply, and so long as there is a demand for feathered captives, so long will the bird-catcher, in more or less picturesque guise, survive.

Charles Watson.

TREE, THREE O'CLOCK, THREE FINGERS.

AN ARTICLE OF INTEREST TO TERRITORIALS, DESCRIBING THE NEW METHOD OF DIRECTING FIRE IN THE FIELD.

One of the many lessons that the Russo-Japanese war taught the Japanese was that the fact that men were out of sight during a fight by no means assured their safety from fire.

The Russian soldiers had been taught to aim at portions of ground in which some of their opponents were hiding, vainly fancying themselves safe from the flying bullets.

But the fact that more dead bodies of Japs were found at halting-places than were found in parts of ground over which they had advanced pointed out to them that although a man was hidden, he was more likely to be hit than one who advanced boldly across the open.

Our own Army, realising the importance of the matter, has adopted a method of aiming at unseen men, whose position in the landscape is hard to point out.

Imagine a section of about twenty or thirty men, under the command of a sergeant, defending a position.

THE "SECTOR."

The sergeant is allotted a portion of the country to his front which it is his duty to watch. He is to endeavour to stop the approach of any portion of the enemy's force by ordering his men to fire upon them.

To one who has not been given an explanation of the method used, it may seem strange, and not altogether sensible and fair, to expect our men to shoot at and hit an enemy who is entirely out of sight.

As soon as the fire unit has taken up its position, the N.C.O. explains the boundaries of the portion, or "sector," of ground he is to watch.

In this "sector" he then chooses a number of prominent and easily distinguished objects, and names them to his men, using as short a word in doing so as possible, such as "tree, bush, gate, house."

The men are required to remember these objects, or "description points," as they are called, and directly one of them is named, to look towards it, and await orders.

Presently, with the aid of his field-glasses, the N.C.O. locates a party of the enemy advancing towards his position. But being far away, his men do not see them.

MARKING DOWN THE ENEMY.

The N.C.O. watches them halt and lie down in a fold in the ground, quite near to the tree he gave as a description point.

He holds out his left arm to the front, shoulder high, opens his hand with fingers closed and pointing upwards, and, closing his left eye, he aligns the outer edge of his third finger against the side of the tree, and notes that the first finger's outer edge is aligned on that portion of the ground where the enemy are hiding.

He sees also that the enemy's position is in the direction of a "three o'clock line" from the tree, taking the foot of the latter as the centre of an imaginary clock-face.

He thereupon gives the order: "Tree; three o'clock; three fingers; at the fold in ground, at 900 yards, three rounds rapid. Fire!"

The men at once look in the required direction, towards the tree, imagine the three o'clock-line, and put up their fingers in the same way as their leader did; and, noting where their first finger seems to "touch" the fold in the ground, they are enabled to aim at just the point required.

USEFUL IN THE OPEN.

In an astonishingly short space of time (from ten to about twenty seconds) the men have opened fire.

This method is also used for firing at men who are quite visible, but, owing to the close proximity of several other bodies of men, are hard to point out.

Employment of fire is wanted at some particular portion of the enemy's forces, and that particular portion may be easily pointed out as follows:—

"Gate; eight o'clock; two fingers; line of men advancing. Along that line, distribute fire: three rounds, at 450 yards, rapid. Fire!"

The sketch above illustrates these points, and shows how simple it becomes with practice.

The difference in sizes of men's fingers is immaterial in the working of the method.

If a large object is taken as a description point, it is obvious that some particular part of that object is decided upon by which to represent the centre of the clock-face, such as "House: Right bottom corner," or "Bridge: left end."

The system cannot be used on flat ground. One's position must overlook the "sector" before this method can be used.

The value of so definite a time-saving system cannot be over-rated. Lengthy explanations, and consequent loss of time, are needless, a few words sufficing to bring the fire of the whole unit to bear upon the point decided on by the leader.

O. M.

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THE AIDE-DE-CAMP.

HIS LIFE AND DUTIES.

Appointment as aide-de-camp (hereinafter referred to as A.D.C.) often leads a young officer to fame and fortune.

A.D.C.-ships, like kissing, go mainly by favour, for they are personal appointments in the gift of the King, other members of the Royal Family (when holding military or other appointments), Viceroys, colonial governors, Field-Marshals and general officers.

To be appointed A.D.C. to the King is a most signal honour reserved for officers of distinguished service, but in the ordinary way an A.D.C. is a young officer of not less than three years' service, who, as I have hinted, generally gets the job through influence.

I remember one A.D.C. whose appointment was really something of a scandal. He was a jolly good chap, but Nature had forgotten to provide him with a roof to his mouth, and it was impossible to understand a word he said.

NO DUFFER.

Of course, he should never have been allowed into the Service, but his father had rendered great services to the State, and so the doctors passed him as fit, and later on he became A.D.C. to a colonial governor.

At the same time, I don't wish to make out the average A.D.C. as a duffer. The man who aspires to be A.D.C. to a soldier like Lord Kitchener has got to be top-hole professionally. Still, his military duties are scarcely so important as they were—at least on active service.

In the old days the A.D.C.'s chief duty in time of war was to carry dispatches and messages from the general to commanders in different parts in the field.

This he often had to do under a storm of bullets and at great risk of his life.

Nowadays the field telegraph and the "flag-waggers" have rather superseded the A.D.C. in action.

HIS QUALITIES.

On the whole, if an A.D.C. should be a smart soldier, tough, a good horseman, and intelligent, he is now chosen chiefly for his social qualities, almost entirely so in the case of Viceroys and governors.

His duties are multifarious and often extremely boring. He must, of course, accompany his chief to all public and social functions, and be at hand to look after the guests when the governor himself is entertaining.

He must learn to "suffer fools gladly." Globe-trotting Members of Parliament, people with grievances, bores and faddists of every type are handed over to him to deal with tactfully, pleasantly, yet withal firmly.

He is largely responsible for the visitors' list, and has to learn accurately to separate the social goats from the sheep.

He writes and answers invitations. Often he has to "coach" his chief in local history and events, and prompt him as to what to say to his visitors.

SOCIAL REQUIREMENTS.

He must never be tired or grumpy. He must be an adept at refusing to be "pumped" about his chief without giving offence.

He must be able to dance, sing, and play the fool in a gentlemanly way. He is part trusted friend, part upper servant and bottle-washer.

His comfort depends very greatly on "Mrs. Governor." Her ladyship is sometimes a middle-class woman whose head has been quite turned by her social rise. She is apt then to treat the A.D.C. as a lackey, or at best a tame cat. If he falls foul of her, then

she abuses him to her husband, and gets him the sack.

Sometimes she makes his position extremely difficult by seeking to get at her husband's official secrets through him. Certainly, when the Governor's "lady" is a vain, foolish woman with exalted notions of her own dignity, the A.D.C.'s lot is not a happy one.

Sometimes, too, he has to deal with a chief who is bent on making a fool of himself, and the unpopularity of the Governor is reflected on the A.D.C.

AN ADMIRABLE CRICHTON.

In short, the colonial governor's A.D.C. must have great tact, patience, *savoir faire*, and adaptability. He must be able to understand colonials better than they understand themselves. He must be able to give his chief the timely warning which will save him from putting his foot in it. He must be alive to local prejudices and susceptibilities, and he must be able to convey to everybody that he exists only for their benefit.

In return for all this he gets the "run of his teeth" and a hundred or two a year.

But of course there are other advantages. He is in the way of meeting influential people, and he often marries a rich wife. If he pleases his chief, and his chief himself is successful, he is sure to be pushed on.

Middle-age often finds him military attaché at some foreign Court, or enjoying some soft billet in the Colonial service.

THE GENERAL'S RIGHT-HAND MAN.

The duties of the general's A.D.C. are more military than social, though he also has to do a good deal of social prancing around.

He accompanies the general at inspections, field-days, and so on, and fills many note-books with many notes. His chief uses, however, are unofficial. Without in any way playing the spy, it is his duty to keep his chief informed as to the minor life of the garrison or command, and to keep in touch with regimental feeling and happenings.

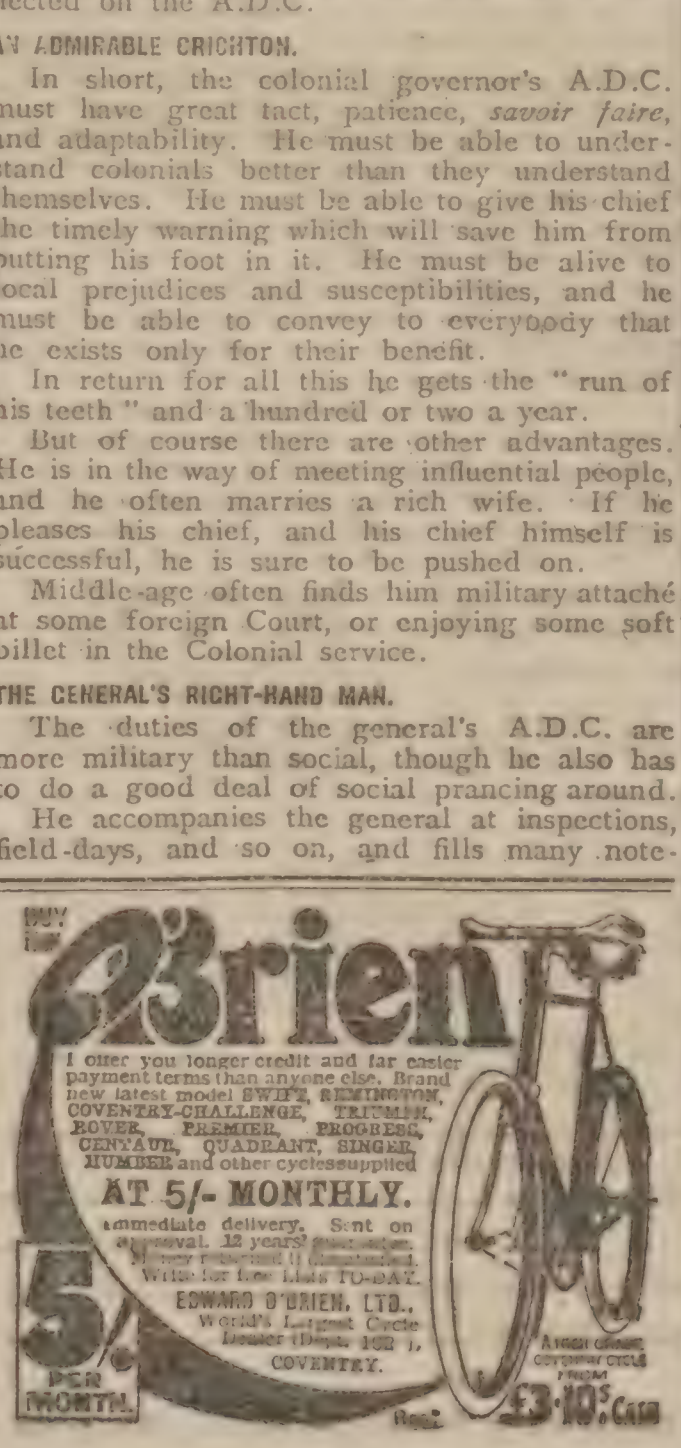
WELL-EARNED ADVANCEMENT.

When the general wants unofficially to give a hint in a certain direction, it is the A.D.C. who drops it. His position is often highly confidential, but he seldom abuses it.

His more ostensible duties are to exercise the general's horses and ponies, soothe him when ruffled by the War Office, and laugh at his jokes.

On the whole he earns his keep and pay, and deserves the good things that usually come to him sooner or later, though, of course, now and then you meet with an A.D.C. who is a bit of a tuft-hunting Jack-in-office.

"Chinstrap."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THE FARMER'S INCOME.

It is strange indeed, but quite true, that hardly any man outside the ranks of the farmers themselves, has any idea how the farmer makes his money. There is some sort of impression, very widespread and very popular, that the fact of a man living on the land is sufficient to assure him of a regular supply of all that is necessary for keeping body and soul together.

That there should be any relation between wide fields of ploughed and pasture land and hard cash never seems to enter the head of many people who desire the open life.

But farming demands as close a watch on the pence as the biggest dividend-earning company, and it is courting disaster to start farming under a wrong impression.

CRUEL FATHERS.

In most cases where a man and his wife are jointly concerned in a crime, she gets the benefit of the idea that she has probably acted under her husband's compulsion.

In cases of cruelty to children, however, it is usually the other way about, and the man is let off, or practically let off, on the ground that, being out all day, he was not in a position to know, and in fact did not know what was going on in his absence.

No doubt there is something in this, but on the other hand, if a man really looked after his children could he fail to perceive, no matter how busy he might be, that they were unhappy and ill-treated?

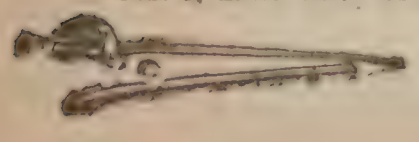
Certainly in some recent cases an absurd leniency seems to have been shown to men indicted and convicted with women of one of the most horrible of crimes.

RESPECT YOUR WATCH.

There used to be a popular idea that the hands of a watch should never be turned backward, and that it was inadvisable to open the back of a watch to examine the works. Some people even went so far as to refrain from breathing when the exposed works were examined.

This excessive care of the watch might appear, and indeed might well be, quite unnecessary, but it had the effect of preserving the watch for a longer life than the average "ticker" nowadays enjoys. Such care is to-day even more necessary, for watches are cheaper and are more easily upset than when they were made by the dozen instead of by the thousand.

A tip worth noting is that watches should be wound in the morning, rather than at night. It is better that they should have all the strength of the spring during the jolting and sudden movements of the wearer during the day.



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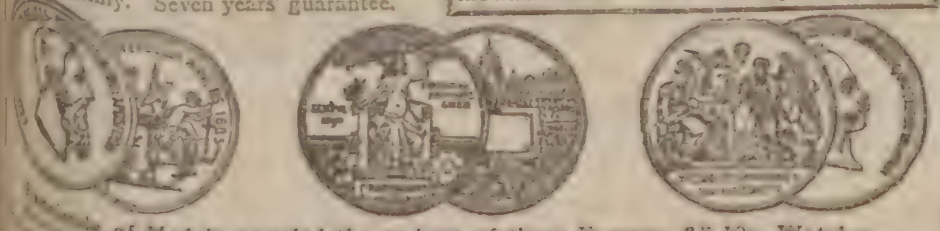

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The "EVENING NEWS, March 11th, says:

"The man in the street has become more and more educated as to his opportunities of wielding the power of the purse in spheres far removed from his own street. We aspire now-a-days not merely to have a nice little sum snugly deposited in the Funds or at the Bank. We all want to be not mere depositors, but capitalists. The opportunities of tapping vast unexplored resources are no longer limited to a favoured few."

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We are on the Eve of still Greater Successes.
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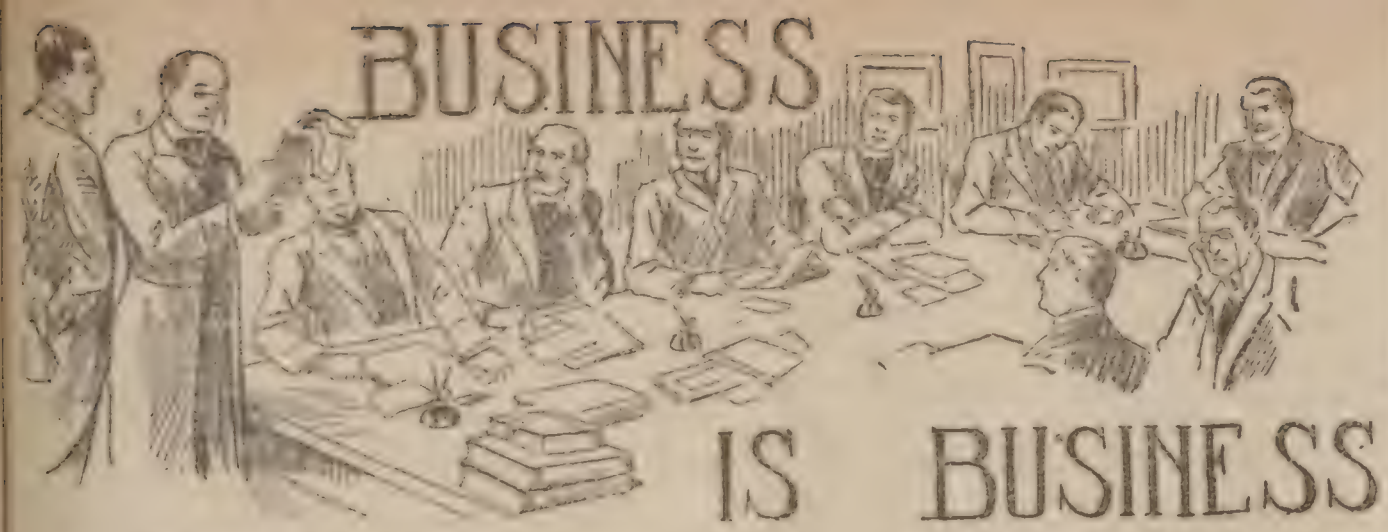

TAKING BLOWS.

I have more than once brought to your attention the fact that business is, in many respects, like sport, and the more you regard it as sport, the more likely are you to succeed in it.

I do not suggest that you should regard the calls of business lightly. You do not regard the calls of sport lightly if you are determined to succeed in your sport.

The man who is to be successful in business, however, must bring into his commercial life the same enthusiasm and energy which he expends on his pastimes.

He must also bring into his business life a faculty that he will have learned in his sport, and that is to take blows with a smiling countenance.

No man, within my experience, has ridden triumphantly to success in business. In the most successful careers there have been, from time to time, set-backs, more or less serious, and a man who is going to be successful must possess, or must acquire, the faculty of facing these set-backs.

There are some men who might be described as born servants. They are perfectly efficient and useful so long as their position is reasonably secure, and so long as they get their salary regularly every week, but when something occurs to upset their usual mode of life, they appear to change altogether, and to become useless both to themselves and to other people.

Such men, of course, could never attain great success. They want everything to be prepared for them, and to be made comfortable; they lack initiative, and they lack that power of constructive imagination that can look into the future, and make bad luck change to good.

I have yet to meet the successful man who has not, at some period or another in his career, been faced with absolute ruin.

I remember on one occasion encountering such a crisis myself. Defeat appeared to be inevitable. A certain firm which owed me a large sum of money went bankrupt, and it seemed highly probable that my own credit would be so seriously damaged that I should have to follow suit.

Instead of carping at fate and blaming those responsible for the management of the firm in question, I faced the matter calmly, and eventually found a way out of the difficulty.

I look back upon the episode with some satisfaction.

I have known many men with business ability greater than my own who have knuckled under when they have received a blow such as I had to bear.

Whether you are in a large way of business, dealing with thousands of pounds in cash, and with many thousands more in credit, or whether you are an employee dependent upon your weekly wage, you must, for your own happiness and welfare, cultivate the quality of taking blows without flinching.

If you get the sack from a firm because it is hard up, and has to save the cost of your salary; if you speculate in shares that prove unprofitable; if you suffer an unexpected reverse in your business owing to circumstances which are beyond your control; but you still remain the man that you were, with all your potentiality for attaining success if you can keep a stiff upper lip, and a smile in the corners of your eyes, throughout all your difficulties.

R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

FINANCE.

In this column we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express.—EDITOR.)

DON'T WAIT FOR THE BOOM.

Trade is still good, money is cheap, and everything is favourable for substantial improvements all round in Stock Exchange prices. The "House" has not yet felt the full advantage of the increased trade, but will soon do so.

Unfortunately there are a great many people with money to invest who hesitate to buy until the boom has sent prices up beyond their intrinsic worth.

This is the great mistake which the public generally make in all booms, and I trust that readers of this column will not fall into it this time.

SOME GOOD INVESTMENTS.

Home Railways, Grand Trunks, Mexican Railway Stocks, Mexican Light and Power Shares (Preferred and Ordinary), Mexico and North-Western Railway Bonds, and certain shares in the Industrial market, including Oil and Rubber, still offer good promise to the investor, and should be bought without delay.

Diamantino Rubber, at about 2s. 3d. for the 2s. fully-paid share, is, I am told from a reliable source, a good purchase.

SPIERS AND POND.

Spiers and Pond Ordinary and Preference shares have been a general tip on the market for some months, and have risen accordingly, and the various Debenture issues of this company are well worth the investor's attention.

The Five per Cent. First Mortgage Debentures are quoted at 84 to 89, the Five per Cent. A Debentures 62 to 66, the Five per Cent. B First Mortgage Debentures 69 to 73, and the Four per Cent. C First Mortgage Debentures at 68 to 72.

Notwithstanding the bad times this company has experienced, the interest on the Debentures has always been duly paid, and with the increased business for the financial year just concluded, and with the excellent prospects for the current year, the prices ought to show a considerable improvement in the near future.

CANADIANS AND MEXICANS.

Canadian Pacific shares are still booming, and the price at the time of writing—namely, 231 dols.—offers an excellent opportunity for shareholders to sell, and I shall not be surprised to see the price back to 200 dols. before the year is out, although the top may not have been reached yet. The Mexican Railway returns to date for 1911 are most satisfactory, both net and gross increases being considerable—so much so, in fact, that if this rate of progress is continued, the company will be in the position to pay 5 per cent. on the Ordinary stock, especially as the great benefits accruing from the use of oil fuel have not yet been shown in the monthly net returns.

SOUTH-EASTERN.

South-Eastern Deferred, commonly called "Dover A," are good for a five point rise within the next three months. The price at the time of writing is about 55.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[*When a private reply is desired a stamped addressed envelope must be enclosed.*]

"AUTOMOBILIST" (Bristol).—I do not reply to anonymous correspondents. If you give full name and address (not for publication) I shall be pleased to answer any inquiries.

W. R. (Aberdeen).—Mexican Railway Ordinary Stock about 60 ought to suit your purpose.

"THIMS" (Birkenhead).—I do not advise the purchase. There seems no chance of an immediate improvement in price, and the outlook for a dividend is more than doubtful.

O. W. (Neath).—Keep all your Rubber shares. They pay you well at cost price, and there is every chance of a large appreciation.

J. J. D. (Sheffield).—By all means invest the sum you mention in THE MODERN MAN, LTD. Some, I happen to know, have invested even larger amounts. As the founder of the company is presenting a section of his Deferred shares to new subscribers, the opportunity is exceptionally good.

K. R. (Dundee).—A rise in the stock you name is expected by those in the know.

N. F. (Clacton).—Hold 2, 4, and 5. Take your profit on 1. Double your holding in 3.

B. A. (Devizes).—I do not advise the investment.

D. P. (Hull).—You cannot purchase any Trustee security to return the interest you name, but some Industrial Preference shares can be bought to yield even more. Of course there is some additional risk.

"SILEX" (Hackney).—I quite approve of your selection, but would suggest your putting the larger amount in No. 3 instead of No. 1.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

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COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

FERRIS AND THE LADY IN WHITE

By E. WADE LANG.

A FURTHER ADVENTURE OF THE KING OF KNAVES.

"Now!" said Ferris in a low voice.

And, while the moonlight was temporarily obscured by a cloud, we left the shelter of the shrubbery and darted across the lawn to the side of the country house.

When the moon shone forth again we were as good as invisible in the shadow thrown out by the wall.

It was a house of the Georgian period, solid, four-storied and square, with flat ugly windows—quite an odd sort of residence for Mr. P. H. Kingham, the celebrated racehorse owner, to take during his stay in England for the season.

At present a numerous and fashionable house-party was slumbering beneath its roof. The time, I remember, was a little after two in the morning.

Ferris squatted on his heels, pulling from his pocket a small jar and a circular piece of brown paper.

"Sure this is the right window?" I whispered, as he proceeded to smear the treacle over the brown-paper.

"Quite sure," he answered, standing up and feeling in his pocket again.

He had been reconnoitring the ground for the past few days, and had made himself master of every detail necessary to the success of our purpose.

There was a gritting kind of scratch as the glazier's diamond cut round the paper, and then a circular piece of glass fell back into Ferris's hand. He laid it carefully on the grass, and, inserting an arm through the hole, turned the catch which fastened the window.

In another moment the sash squeaked as he slid it up; but only faintly; and he paused a space listening, one leg lifted over the sill.

"Stay there," he commanded, and disappeared from view.

I stood motionless for a few minutes, hearing no sound; and presently he returned, drawing aside the curtain as an invitation to enter.

"You'll be more comfortable inside," he said, cool as though the house were his own. "All's as quiet as the grave. I see the safe's pretty tough—but not so tough as to be impregnable. Take this chair by the window; I hope to be through within half an hour."

In the light of the tiny electric torch which he flashed as he walked across the room, I was able to see that we were in a luxuriously furnished smoking-room; the tables littered with cards and counters and glasses, evidently as it had been left when the men retired to bed.

Next to the bookcase was a handsome carved cabinet with the door standing open, and filling it I saw the safe, green-fronted and strong-looking.

Ferris carried over a footstool, and, sitting down before it, methodically arranged his tools on the carpet.

He discovered almost immediately that it would be impossible to pick the lock.

Selecting a bit, and attaching it to a small but powerful brace, he set to work to drill holes round the lock, worming out flakes of steel with a celerity which would have made the safe-maker's heart ache, had he seen it.

A diminutive lantern placed on a chair threw a ring of light round the keyhole. There was not the slightest noise made by his operations. Each time he began on a new hole he dipped the shining bit into a bottle of oil.

His profile was towards me, and I could see the characteristic half-smile at the corner of his lips, and the glitter in his eye.

He had the door swung open and a skeleton key in the lock of the inner drawer of the safe before half an hour had passed.

I had watched him absorbedly throughout—so absorbedly that I had lost conciousness of outer things. There was absolute stillness in the room

Then, as he gently pulled out the drawer and bent down to gloat over its contents, he suddenly sat back and turned his head away from me. His hand went out to the lantern, and there was darkness in a moment.

But not too soon for me to see that the door was slowly being opened!

Somebody was coming in!

There was no time to escape, or even to stir. I sat, straining my eyes.

A figure appeared on the threshold; a dim figure in white; a woman!

She moved a pace or two to the left, and there followed a click, and the blaze of electric lights.

Then she turned; and simultaneously she cried out, sharply, with a gasp—"*Oh!*"

Ferris was standing between her and the closed door, his eyes meeting hers, a twist of humour about the lips making his face look fascinating and devil-may-care.

"If you do not scream," he said, instantly, "there is not—believe me—the slightest danger for you."

It has been my experience that women, when faced with sudden peril, always do one of three things: they scream, they faint, or they remain frozen and speechless. This woman—or rather this girl, for she was manifestly quite young, with a rope of fair hair hanging over either shoulder—was silent.

She had evidently just left her bed, putting on only a dressing-gown. She stared at Ferris with dilated eyes, one hand pressed tightly to her heart, her face as white as paper. He went on—

"I am sorry you should have had such a fright. It's natural, coming into a room and finding two strange men. But, I repeat, no harm will come to you if you will kindly remain quiet and not attempt to raise an alarm. It is really unfortunate that you should have heard us at all.'

"I did not hear you," she answered, breathlessly. "I came down to get something."

"Then the shock must have been infinitely worse," he agreed, sympathetically. "I beg you to forgive us. We are uninvited guests; and it is sheer bad luck that you didn't come down five minutes later, when we should already have gone, and this embarrassment would have been spared you. You see we are burglars; it is useless to deny it. But I beg you to believe that we are not desperadoes, and would never inflict distress upon a young lady if we could help it."

Was he sincere, or was it merely acting? It was difficult to tell, but for myself a rushing sense of shame made me realise what a pair of blackguards we were. Certainly he had chosen just the right note to restore the girl's courage and confidence.

Her glance wavered momentarily to mine and then back again. A faint colour reappeared in her cheeks.

"You came to steal?" she said, in a low voice.

"It is the ugly truth," assented Ferris. "Mr. Kingham is a collector of rare and antique jewellery, and several of his recent acquisitions I have sinfully coveted. They lie exposed in that drawer there, ready for the taking. But now. . . ."

He admitted defeat with a debonair gesture.

Still the girl watched him, with wide grey eyes.

"What are we to say to you?" Ferris went on, half smiling. "We can hardly supplicate for mercy, yet it would be an extreme inconvenience to be handed over to the police. You have no idea how dearly one loves liberty—when there is danger of losing it."

"I can hardly believe that a man like you," she said; and then she stopped. For Ferris bowed low and straightened himself, a twist of mockery on his lips.

"You are a gentleman," she persisted, quietly.

"A criminal," he corrected.

"A gentleman! And you have fallen to this!"

"Maybe it was my fate," he retorted lightly.

"None the less . . ." She checked herself again. "Men have said that so often," she added, with a sad little sigh.

"It's a mean excuse," admitted Ferris.

They faced each other in an odd silence.

"Oh, why?" she said with a sort of quiet passion, "why do you do it? A man like you! Surely, at some time of your life, there has been someone——"

She hesitated, watching him. It was a unique opportunity for playing the "fallen romantic," but Ferris hated theatricals.

"I wish I could lay claim to it," he told her with cold irony, "but I can't. I'm quite without past tragedy, and I hope it will be so for the future. Now, I am sure you are getting cold; and, regarding our graceless selves, it has yet to be decided what you are going to do."

"I want you to go," she said subduedly, folding her robe about her.

"We will, gladly," said Ferris, displaying immediate alacrity.

He crossed to the safe and packed up and pocketed his instruments. Then he paused a moment, and suddenly, but quite without haste, he stooped and proceeded also to pocket the jewellery we had broken in to steal.

She ran forward.

"How dare you!" she said. "Oh, how dare you!"

"I don't understand you," said Ferris, looking up coolly.

"You would take them after all I've said?"

"There was nothing agreed upon as to going away empty-handed."

"Oh, you insult me!" she cried. "You are behaving like this deliberately to insult me."

Ferris, turning from her, obediently restored the jewellery.

"I am sorry I cannot repair the safe as well," he said, ironically. "In the morning it will doubtless strike Mr. Kingham that the midnight intruders were odd people going to such infinite pains and taking nothing. Well, shall we retire first or will you?"

She favoured him with a long, steady, inscrutable look. Then swiftly she wheeled and went over to the electric switch.

"You can go," she said, with proud distantness. "I'll shut off the lights while you climb out of the window."

The very absence of contempt made him inwardly writhe.

Ferris bowed, and, coming over to me, turned and awaited her pleasure.

She smiled a trifle whitely.

"Good-bye," she said.

Ferris answered no word at all.

He pushed me to go first as a snap brought darkness upon us, and in silence we crossed the grounds and took the bye-lane to the adjacent

line junction, whence the southern mail left
the hour for London.
For a considerable period we were busy with
r thoughts.
"She had the accent of an American," I
ntured at length. "I wonder who she was."
He made no attempt to enlighten me, even if

sometimes think," said I, filling another
se, "that we sink rather low, Ferris."
"Shut your moralising mouth!" said he, with
den surprising savagery.
And he was silent for the rest of the way.
We entered the station just as the whistle was
own for the train's departure, and, entering the
rest carriage, we walked along the corridor,
ding an empty compartment.
was in front, glancing sideways as he
, and so abruptly did he stop that involun-
I cannoned into him.
The next moment he pushed open the door of a
d-class compartment whose only occupant was
ed woman dressed in a neat blue costume,
, taking the seat opposite to her, he signed to
close the door.
so, feeling that there was something in the
ough not knowing what.
"For the second time," said Ferris, with his
satirical courtesy, and, looking, I saw with
terable amazement that it was the girl we had
ly parted from!
She was not darkly veiled, and her expression
easily distinguishable. Confusion had coloured
her eyes were sparkling almost wickedly.
"Hallo!" she said.
"You choose a strange hour for travelling," said
rris.
was anxious to get away," she replied.
"Why?" he asked, bending forward confidentially.
She searched him with a narrowing glance. I
ived now that there was some indefinable
about her—a trace of hardness, a touch
experience. White robes and loose hair
women look innocent.
ly you have guessed?" she said, with a
tittering laugh.
I believe I have," answered Ferris, and he
to me, smiling.
"She has fleeced us, you see," he explained
ntly. "She could no more resist an open
than we could!"
I should say not," she returned, "but anyhow,
got a key."
"We were on the same lay, then?"
've been at it for several weeks. Came over
lady's-maid to Miss Cornwell, knowing she'd
visiting Mr. Kingham sooner or later."
"Well, why flit now? You attract suspicion to
yourself, when everything pointed to an outside
b."
n't stand cross-examination," she
wered, laconically. "Too bad a record."
"Got the swag with you?" he asked, and for
answer she caught up her hand-bag and clasped
h hands over it on her lap.
"No, you don't," she said, caustically.
Fair's fair; and you allowed yourself to be
ked."
was merely inquiring from interest," he
casually. "You are very keen-witted; we
pt our *congé* with grace. Where are you
ing for now, may I ask?"
London, of course. I only hope they won't
out in time to wire down the line and
p us."
"You need not be apprehensive, unless they are
rly risers. We get in before six."
"It's pretty safe," she observed, with a hardly
pressed sigh.
is got to his feet.
"We won't burden you with our presence any
re," he said courteously. "You'll be securer
e."
e was a cynical gleam in his eye.
"Permit me to compliment you on your acting,"
added. "It entirely took me in."
"You took the heroic tack too soon," she said.
should have told you unless."
"You win—and we lose."

"That's it," she said coolly. "You were quite too self-sacrificing. I chuckled to myself when you put back that stuff."

"Ye-es." He appeared to reflect. "There was a certain Levantine crescent," he went on, "very richly studded with jewels, perhaps the jem of Mr. Kingham's collection. I suppose you wouldn't entertain an offer for it?"

"I haven't got it to sell," she admitted. "I know the thing you mean; it was beautiful—worth almost as much as the rest put together, but it wasn't in the safe. Mr. Kingham must have put it elsewhere."

"No," said Ferris. "*I* did."

He held open his coat, and half-drew something from a breast-pocket to show her.

"I couldn't let *that* go," he said—"repentant as I was!"

And he laughed gently as he followed me through the door.

[*Another of these stories will appear shortly.*—EDITOR.]

HANGING A MIRROR.

If you have a mirror on the walls of your diggings—an ornamental mirror, not the one in which you look as you shave and dress—it should never be hung so that it is quite flush against the wall.

Mirrors are very susceptible to dampness, and the least suspicion of this in a wall will quickly tell on the mirror. The back of the glass will be marked with innumerable little crack-like marks and round blotches which in time will spread all over it and ruin the glass.

The mirror should be hung so that there is a space between its back and the wall, where air can circulate freely. If spots should appear on a mirror, take it down at once and put it in some dry and warm place. If taken in time it may recover its unbroken mirror surface. Otherwise nothing but thorough treatment of the back of the glass by an expert is of the least use.

COFFEE AND WORK.

When a long spell of work is before a man—work that does not fall within his ordinary hours at the office, it is pleasant to settle down to it when the night is well advanced and all is still.

It may be that the annual meeting of the club is coming along and you, as honorary secretary, are expected to present a lucid and accurate and complete report of all the doings of the year. After business you are perhaps a bit tired, and you sit and smoke and even doze after dinner in the arm-chair.

Then you rouse yourself. It is nearly nine o'clock, and you have three or four hours before you in which you can tackle the job comfortably.

This is the hour when a little outfit of your own for coffee-making comes in very acceptably. You boil the little kettle, brew the stimulating drink, set it at your side, put out pipe, tobacco, and matches, gather your papers before you—and bury yourself in your labour of love till the small hours.

A RECIPE FOR HAPPINESS.

HINTS FROM THE LIFE OF A BUSY MAN.

It is strange how difficult it is for some men who should be able to have a very good time to find what, for my purposes, I may call reasonable happiness.

A few do succeed in finding very real satisfaction in life, and among these I must include an old and intimate pal of my own.

He was just an average man, and he had an income that was really sufficient to save him from working; but being a fellow of sense, he held quite a modest, but a comfortable, position in a business house, where if he did not turn up for a day or two now and again, nothing would be said. He had, in fact, acquired a small interest in an excellent business.

One day we met by accident in the train.

During our chat I noticed that my friend was rather troubled, and, knowing him well, I asked him what it was about. After a little cross-examination—a privilege I enjoy with him—he admitted that he was rather sick of what he called the monotony of his life. Moreover, he thought the way to cure this monotony was to "take up" some sport; and, to "tell you the truth, old man," he went on, confidingly, "I'm going in hot and strong for boxing. I believe it will give me an interest that I don't feel at present in the physical side of life."

We parted at the station, and for some months I neither heard nor saw anything of my friend. I pictured him stripped before some expensive and renowned coach, getting quick and alert with his hands, learning the mysteries of upper-cuts, body punches, counters and cross-counters.

Then one day, having a keen interest in a man's sporting doings, and especially so in those of a dear pal, I wrote to him to come down to stay with me for a day or two. He was to bring his gloves (I felt sure he had a fine set or several sets) and I would stand up to him to be knocked down as often as he thought I deserved punishment.

He came to me one week-end. By the way he came out of the railway carriage and picked up his traps I could see that he had found in boxing, or in something, a new source of interest in things in general. He was buoyant in spirits, in gait, and in conversation. A great change had come over him, until now he was fully vitalised. He was all alive; and the old sluggish indifference that sometimes clouded his days had vanished.

"Boxing has done you good, old chap," I remarked.

The mention of boxing seemed to mystify him, and he asked in a puzzled way what I meant. Then he recollected—and explained.

Boxing, he told me, in effect, had very soon lost its complete sway over him. He had stuck to it for a time until he had conquered the rudiments, and then he had hankered for some other sort of exercise. And so he bought a bicycle, and was keen on longish rides and on finding comfortable little inns where he could stay for odd nights.

But he found no end to the growth of his circle of interests. The practice of one thing seemed to inspire him with a hunger to do others, and following up every taste that came to him, he found himself soon immersed in many different sports and other activities.

Now he is anxious to convert me to his belief that what he calls "regulated variety" of life is the only way to happiness. I am ready to believe him if he is a result of the treatment.

He tells me that every evening is filled with some occupation that interests him intensely. They are not all sporting occupations. One night he attends a well-known debating society; on another he makes a point of seeing a play; on another he makes experiments in dining out at different restaurants, and on yet another he stays at home and buries himself in books.

He reserves one night a week for his friends, and he entertains them with simple courtesy in his pleasant rooms. He seems to have found happiness.

C. H. PANTON.

THE OUTER MAN

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by
CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

1911 FASHIONS.

The fashions in men's attire for the present year are just beginning to take definite shape, and it may be interesting to mention some of the more general changes that will probably be noticed during the coming season.

Lounge jackets are being cut fuller and without the pronounced waist that has recently characterised them.

The lapels and collar are frequently made with rounded corners instead of points above and below the "step."

Gauntlet cuffs, as I have already mentioned, are dying out, at least as far as lounge jackets are concerned.

"Peg-top" trousers show signs of an advance in public favour, which is not to be wondered at considering how much more comfortable and less likely to bag at the knees they are than the tighter pattern.

Waistcoats will in all probability be cut with a slightly larger opening, and with only five buttons, at least for summer wear.

TIE COLOURS.

I am frequently asked by correspondents to advise them as to the colours they should select when purchasing ties.

It is impossible to lay down hard-and-fast rules, for the colour of the tie should depend upon the colour of the suit with which it is to be worn, and it should depend also to some extent upon the complexion of the man wearing it.

For example, a pale-faced man would be ill-advised to wear a red tie, as the brightness of the tie would only serve to draw attention to the lack of colour in his face. Green also should be avoided by a man who has a bilious complexion, as it will draw the observer's attention to the greenish tinge of his skin.

You are generally safe to wear a tie that is the colour of your eyes. A man with blue eyes, for instance, generally looks fairly well in a blue tie, of a shade rather lighter, perhaps, than his eyes.

To let your tie match your suit in tone is a fairly safe rule, but the tie should, I think, be of rather brighter colour than the suit itself, for it is made of finer material than the suit, and the amount of it shown is smaller. To some extent the tie is to the suit as the stone is to the gold ring in which it is set.

At the present time there is a great preference for ties with a very unobtrusive pattern, or with no pattern at all, and they look very well.

The great thing in buying ties is to pay a good price for them. You can never get becoming shades of colour in cheap ties. If your means are limited, your purchases of ties can be fewer, but let those you buy be good ones.

WRISTLET WATCH STRAPS.

I have dealt more than once with wristlet watches and their great convenience, but there is one tip that I do not think I have given you, and that is regarding the straps by which these watches are fixed to the wrist.

The straps supplied with the watches are almost invariably machine-sewn, and the stitching soon begins to break, especially at the point where the buckle comes.

When the strap of your wristlet watch gives out you should get a new one, not from a watchmaker, but from a saddler, and you should, above all things, insist that the sewing shall be hand-done. Such a strap will last a good deal longer than a machine-sewn one, and though it costs a little more at the time, it will save money in the end.

TWO HIP-POCKETS.

I advise you to have two hip-pockets in your trousers—one in the usual place at the right side and another corresponding to it at the left.

A cigarette case is a very difficult thing to stow away. If you put it in your waistcoat pocket, it is rather liable to fall out whenever you stoop down; if you put it in one of your jacket pockets, it is apt to spoil the shape of the jacket, especially if the case is a heavy silver one. The best place to carry it in is a hip-pocket.

My reason for suggesting an additional hip-pocket is that most men have from time to time other bulky things to carry about besides cigarette cases—for instance, a note-book or a packet of letters or papers. The second hip-pocket will enable you to stow these away comfortably.

A newly filled tobacco pouch, also, will do less damage to the suit if placed in a hip-pocket than if it is allowed to bulge out a side pocket of the jacket.

BOOTS AND SOCKS.

When a man wears shoes he is generally very particular regarding his socks. He would not, for instance, dream of wearing ginger-coloured socks with black shoes; but when it comes to boots, there are many men who think that the colour of their socks does not matter a bit, and they will wear tan socks with black boots, and black socks with brown boots, in the belief that their socks will never show.

This is a mistaken idea. His socks do not show in the ordinary way while he is walking, but when he sits down and pulls his trousers up an expanse of sock is likely to show above the top of his boots.

This is a very little point, but a man who takes an interest in dress will be well advised to see to it that his socks are more or less of the same colour as the boots he is wearing.

OLD BOOTS.

Of course, I am well aware of the fact that there are many men who would not dream of discarding their boots until they were past repair, but there are many others who spend more upon their clothes, and who give away any pair of boots that may have become shabby. It is to them that I am writing this paragraph and I advise them to think twice before parting with the boots that they may consider old.

Boots that have seen their best days, and have lost the shapely arch in the sole, may yet be most useful for long walks and so forth, provided they are water-tight, and the few pence that may be required to have them toed and heeled will be pence well spent, for those well-worn boots have got into the shape of the feet, and are much more comfortable for distance walking than are newer and smarter boots.

It is often worth while to have the soles of a pair of boots "clumped" or patched, when it would have been throwing away money to have them properly soled.

THE CORONATION SUIT.

The suit which Messrs. Ellis are now producing, and which they have named the Coronation suit, is wonderfully good value.

I have seen the Royal blue serge of which it is

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in the success of our wonderful process of scientific dry-cleaning. It has been practised successfully by us for many years and it gives new life to the oldest suit. It removes all spots, stains and creases, making the shabby suit ready for immediate smart wear, at a cost of only 3/9, and the time never exceeds four days.

Write to-day for booklet "Pride of Dress" and address of nearest branch or agency.

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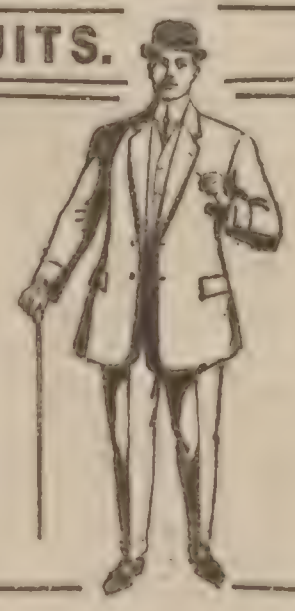
Carriage Paid one way on orders sent direct.

McKINLEY SUITS ARE QUALITY SUITS.



THE name McKinley is identified with Tailoring Perfection and is known to most men of discriminating taste—men who are particular as to the quality, style, fit, and wear of their clothes. All McKinley goods are cut and tailored by expert, well-paid London workmen, and although admittedly of the highest class, they are sold at far lower prices than obtain elsewhere.

SUITS (to measure), **25/-** to **50/-**; **OVERCOATS, 25/-** to **45/-**

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Send to-day for our Booklet "M.N.," our splendid range of Free Samples, Fashion Plates, copies of Unsolicited Testimonials, tape measure, and the McKinley scientific self-measurement chart, which enables anyone to take measures as accurately as an experienced tailor. Write or call—

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made, and can only say that I do not know how they can give such material at the price.

This suit is being made with all the latest improvements and in Messrs. Ellis's best style. The fact that this firm makes the offer of returning your money if you are not satisfied is a very strong recommendation.

THE NEW SUIT.

Many new suits are made to look prematurely old by lack of care during the first week or two of wearing them.

A fatal mistake is to buckle up the strap at the back of the waistcoat too tightly.

This is often the cause of an unsightly crease appearing across the front, and once this happens, the crease is very difficult to get rid of.

On the first few occasions of wearing a new coat keep it buttoned up as much as possible. This will enable it to get thoroughly moulded to your figure, and once it has done this it will remain so.

A coat will always have a better chance of keeping its shape if it is buttoned up occasionally, and in any case it should never be buttoned by the bottom button alone.

CHOOSING TROUSERS.

One of the main changes in man's clothes during the last decade or so has been the establishment in favour of the suit which is all cut from the same material.

The waistcoat may be a fancy one, but to wear a jacket and trousers of different materials, except in certain definite cases, is to forfeit all claim to being well-dressed.

The cases in which trousers and coats that do not "match" are permissible are with a morning-coat or frock-coat, a black jacket, or with a Norfolk or sporting jacket.

With the latter—unless, of course, breeches are worn—grey flannel trousers are most useful. At the 'Varsities you will find men wearing grey flannel trousers with a blue serge or even a tweed coat and waistcoat, but this is a custom that is more or less restricted to the University towns.

A few hints on the choice of trousers for wear with black coats may be useful to those of my readers who are in the habit of wearing them.

Check trousers, except of the smallest pattern, are no longer fashionable, and in any case are best avoided by short men, who can add to their apparent height by wearing trousers made of a striped material.

It is an interesting and useful point to note that if the stripes chosen are darker than the rest of the material, the trousers will preserve their new appearance much longer.

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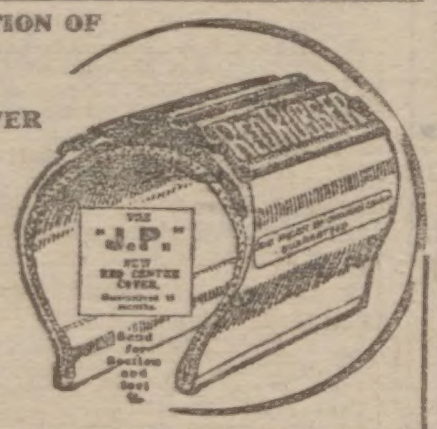

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A moustache betokens manliness **Pendun's Moustache Pomade** forces one at any age like magic. BOYISH FACES BECOME HANDSOME.

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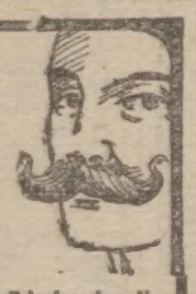

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Coronation Royal Blue

SERGE LOUNGE SUIT.

The greatest achievement in Tailoring during the Coronation Year.

Every loyal subject will do his best in his own way to celebrate the Coronation.

We are doing our part by producing our Coronation suit at a price which has never been approached in connection with a suit of such cloth and such workmanship.

The price is

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The material, in honour of our Sailor King, is

ROYAL BLUE SERGE.

Owing to the exceptional size of our order, we have secured a stock of this serge at a price which makes it possible for us to produce our Coronation suit at such a low figure.

This Royal Blue Serge is thoroughly shrunk, and is warranted not to fade in colour. So confident are we of its merit that

We guarantee 2 years' wear.

We can fit you by post, if you cannot call, and we guarantee to give you an exact fit.

If you are not satisfied with the suit, return it to us, and we shall return your money in full without question or dispute.

Write to-day for free patterns and self-measurement form, which will be sent free to any address. If you are in London, call and see the Royal Blue Serge in the piece.

J. & H. ELLIS,

20, Farringdon St., London, E.C.

(Close to Ludgate Circus).

BRIEF REPLIES.

[Under this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

G. S. (Winchester).—It may not be strictly necessary for a man to remove his hat when a lady enters the office lift by which he is travelling up or down, but it is a little mark of chivalry. No one would expect you to keep your hat off in a large lift such as those in the tube stations, where there are many people present.

F. W. C. (Wimbledon).—The regiment to which you refer is full up. In fact, it is very difficult to find a vacancy in any London Yeomanry regiment. We believe, however, that there are a few openings in the Army Service Corps, which is a mounted unit.

E. W. (Barrow-in-Furness).—Glad to hear that you consider the League member whom you casually met in the train to be one of the best. Our League members are all of that type.

T. S. T. (Belfast).—Don't go in for long-distance running immediately after a heavy meal, and the stitch in the side of which you complain will trouble you no longer.

A. C. H. (Swansea).—The dairy company which you patronise will supply you at a moderate price with all the manure you may desire for your garden.

W. F. C. (Newmarket).—Have a plate made for the printing of your visiting cards. Those printed by means of type never look so well.

C. E. B. (Rochdale).—If your trousers are very thick, damp them slightly before putting them in the trousers-press. This will insure a proper crease.

T. H. (Dublin).—Get your newsagent's promise to show our poster regularly, and we shall then be happy to send him one post free every week direct from our publishing department.

H. G. H. (Ealing).—Send the coat to Messrs. Achille Serre. You would probably make matters worse if you tried to remove the ink-stains yourself.

J. H. (Manchester).—Rub the scalp with a slice of raw onion or with a few drops of paraffin. This will make the hair grow again.

T. E. (Birmingham).—The advisability of using a bearing-rein is a matter of opinion. One of the claims for it is that it keeps a horse from getting his head down and catching the reins on the points of the shafts.

A. H. McD. (Glasgow).—You must not be so thin-skinned. Orders given on parade, must not be construed into personal insults, even though the words of your officer were rather ill-chosen.

H. S. (Manchester).—Any good tattooist can remove the marks on your arm, but it would be futile for you to attempt to do so yourself. The same applies to **W. G. P.** (Neath).

D. F. R. (Sydenham).—An advertisement in our Readers' Sale and Exchange page would put you into communication with many farmers, as we have a large circulation in country districts.

L. C. (South Kensington).—There are several good tennis clubs at Putney and Richmond. One of them would probably suit you, as you say you would rather cycle out of town a bit than join a London tennis club.

J. W. (Liverpool).—As you do not propose to ride in them, a pair of leggings with spring fastenings would probably suit you best. They are very easily put on and taken off, and are excellent for general wear, but the springs are liable to slip out of the sockets if you ride in them.

W. F. (London, E.C.).—We know nothing of the motor-school you mention, but their fee of four guineas is a fair one, and as you say they guarantee proficiency and unlimited training you should be all right. Have a look at their place, and get the guarantee in writing before you part with your money.

C. J. R. (Coventry), **F. C.** (Dublin), **H. M.** (York), **T. W. R.** (Tadcaster), **P. A. S.** (Manchester), **S. L.** (Uffington), **G. H.** (Sligo), **A. H. W.** (Jesmond), **E. S.** (Elgin), **R. G.** (Kendal), **H. C. A.** (Harringay).—We are much indebted to you.

MORE LONDON MEMBERS.

The list of members of The Modern Man *League is continued below, and will, we trust, be the means of bringing many good sportsmen together. We should be obliged if members would inform us at once of any errors or omissions, or of any change of address, in order that these may be rectified in a supplementary list, which will contain the names of newly-joined members. A form of application for membership, with particulars of the badges issued, appears on another page.*

LONDON *(continued).*

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W. H. GILLINGS, 83, Braidwood Road.
W. KING, 102, Shorndean Street.
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L. C OVERTON, 1, Farley Road.
F. J. WISE, 54, Muirkirk Road, Langley Road.

Chelsea.
A. E. ALLIEZ, 140, Lots Road.
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C. H. PACKS, 3, Joubert Mansions, King's Road.
J. R. PEEVER, 18, Sloane Gardens.

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F. BOND, 78, Devonshire Road.
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E. C. GUNNING, 24, Heathfield Terrace.
E. F. HARRIS, 27, Cleveland Avenue.
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C. L. SHORE, 121, St. Albans Avenue.

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W. E. DEW, 101a, Silverthorne Road.
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H. JENKINS, 118, Ferndale Road.
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R. J. SMITH, 140, Dysons Road.

(To be continued.)

Printed by The Victoria House Printing Co., Ltd., Tudor Street, Whitefriars, London, E.C., and Published for the Proprietors, The Modern Man, Ltd., by The United Press, Ltd., 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C. Annual Subscription 8s. 8d., to be sent to The Modern Man Subscription Department, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
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All advertisements are subject to the Revision of the Sales Editor, and the Right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.
In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated Order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a Postal Order reckoned at a penny a word, made payable to the Sales Editor, and crossed "& Co." with a minimum of a shilling for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

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The McKinley "Mac.," 16s. 6d., carriage paid. The ideal waterproof for Spring wear. Made from light-weight fawn waterproof coating in the fashionable Raglan style, and guaranteed. Wonderful value. Ready for service in all sizes and lengths. Send height and chest measure (over jacket) with remittance. Money returned in full if not approved.—C. and G. McKinley, Tailoring Dept., 7, Gresham Street, London, E.C.

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Dress suit for sale, cheap; 20s.; height 5ft. 7in.—Box 4395, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Splendid black cloth tail coat and vest, good as new and unsoiled, cost about £5, too small for owner, very best quality and cut, fit youth.—Box 4396, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Beautiful brand new blue serge suit, guaranteed only worn once, winter weight, material alone cost 32s. 6d. from Egerton Burnett, fit about 5ft. 9in. or 5ft. 10in. slight figure, accept 25s. 6d.; also grey flannel jacket and trousers, quite clean and good as new, 15s., or near offer.—Box 4397, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

5-guinea dress suit, fit slim person about 5ft. 10in.; also another, fuller chest; cheap, or offers exchange.—Box 4398, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Gentleman's motor coat, nearly new, very warm, all wool, lined wool, cost 6 guineas, chest 34in., 35in., very full at bottom, storm collar; 35s.—Box 4399, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

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PHOTOGRAPHY.

3¼in. by 2½in. focal plane Mignon reflex camera, up to 1-1,000 sec. exposure, 6 slides and solid leather case, fitted with Fulmenar F6.8 anastigmat in focusing jacket, Iris diaphragm, rising and cross front, in good condition; accept £5 5s.—Box 4412, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Folding pocket Kodak, No. 3 ¼-plate, solid leather case, shoulder strap and portrait attachment, equal to new, cost 4 guineas, accept 45s., or offers.—Box 4413, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, ¼-plate or postcard size, roll film, folding hand camera, fitted with Goerz or other make fast shutting lens; lowest cash price.—Box 4414, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

½-plate camera, Butcher's Excelsior, hand or stand, rapid aplanat lense, tripod, carrying case, and accessories, cost £8 8s., new last summer, sell for £4, bargain.—Box 4415, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Cyko hand camera, ¼-plate, takes 12 plates, with canvas bag; 19s. 6d.—Box 4416, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, good ½-plate lens, offers; exchange phonograph and records, cost £3 10s.—Box 4417, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, 12in. by 10in. or 15in. by 12in. field camera and lens; cheap.—Box 4418, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

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Saddlery (by Middlemore), all best quality, consisting of semi-mil. saddle, leather lined, removable pannels, complete with girths, leathers and irons; also two military bridles (one unused), one Pelham bridle (unused), saddle (been used four times only); everything perfect; £5; approval willingly, owner going abroad; must sell.—Box 4394, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

How to make money by following horses during flat racing season.—Address, only by correspondence (stamped addressed envelope must be enclosed), "Lilywhite," care of Mallinson, Advertising Agent, Shrewsbury.

Want motor cycle speedometer in exchange for new 5 by 4 hand camera, rectilinear lens, carriers, 12 plates, with telescopic stand.—Box 4401, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

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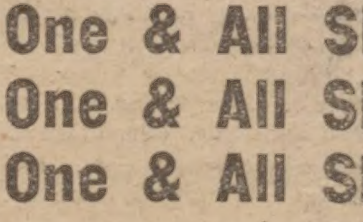

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